Summary

Naddalin and Nevaeh are two sisters who share the same body. They take turns living in each others bodies, and they can switch back and forth at any time. Naddalin in her time traveling was the only way to keep her legacy alive. She could not let her family down. She had to make sure that her legacy lived on.

Nevaeh: 89

The Angels Share

Marcel Ray Duriez

'Oh, children now a days. They will become ragging alcoholics and bet their wives like their fathers did over the fact that they are so feeble mind and cannot handle complexity.' They spoke.

Yes- I remember the caption d*ck suck, with deputy bl*wjob, and officer sugar's t*ts,

standing outside my door, asking ‘why am I the way I am?’

So, the question to that is what am I? On that logic, anything could be charged against me, or anything could be said, that I did as an act, even if I did not, and the police officers, the town, and the kids my age like my teachers own me, and they knew I was the slave in the programs of everything being regressions.

~Nevaeh

Part:

I Have Existed Lingering for You:

Preface:

Nevaeh, Naddalie, Naddalie Liynnie, or Lily are triplets, yet to hide this from Nevaeh as they were quadruplet sisters at birth her names first and last were reversed making the family's name Nevaeh for all of them.

In this world we are open to willing to respect or accept behavior or opinions different from our own; open to innovative ideas: relating to or denoting a political and social philosophy that promotes individual rights, civil liberties, democracy, and free enterprise.

Naddalin and Nevaeh are two sisters who share the same body. Yet Naddalin at death was and remained a vampire, until the afterlife of now being part of the fallen.

‘I had a wooden stake to kill driven through my heart.’ Said Naddalin.

Both had the same thing to say at the same time. “Pull and pray and working for Dollar General… That is my life.”

They take turns living in each others bodies, and they can switch back and forth at any time. They can also communicate with each other telepathically.

Naddalin is the older sister, and she is very responsible. She is always making sure

that Nevaeh is safe in her own body. Nevaeh is the younger sister by only an abbreviated time, and she is very carefree. She loves to have fun and enjoys being in her sister's body.

One day, Naddalin and Nevaeh were playing in the park. Nevaeh was in Naddalin's body, and she was having a wonderful time. She was running around and climbing on the jungle gym. Naddalin was in Nevaeh's body, and she was watching her sister having fun.

Suddenly, Naddalin saw a man walking towards them. He looked shady, and Naddalin did not trust him. She tried to warn

her sister, but it was too late. The man grabbed Nevaeh and ran off with her.

Naddalin was in a panic. She did not know what to do. She tried to switch back into her own body, but she could not. The man had taken her sister's body with him. Naddalin was stuck in Nevaeh's body.

She did not know where the man had taken her sister, but she had to find her. Naddalin started running through the park, looking for the man. She saw him running towards the edge of the park. Naddalin ran after him, but she was not fast enough. The man jumped into a car and drove away.

Naddalin was devastated. She did not know what to do. She was stuck in her sister's body, and her sister was somewhere out there, in the hands of that man. Naddalin was determined to find her sister. She was going to rescue her, no matter what it took.

Part:

Nevaeh- I remember autographing the death notebook a crazed fan gave me, in life, you do this without knowing death is hex is on its way, said it is all fun and games.

Naddalin- It was happening again. Death by mail. Those that would support Nevaeh were dying. She was dying. Slowly, painfully, with no one to help her. She was all alone.

It started with the first letter. A simple piece of mail, innocuous enough. But when she opened it, she found only a blank sheet of paper inside. No message, no explanation. Just a blank sheet of paper.

At first, she thought it was a mistake. But then the second letter arrived, and the third. All with the same blank sheet of paper inside. And with each one, Nevaeh felt her strength waning, her life force draining away.

She knew what was happening. Someone was sending her death letters. With each one, they were killing her a little bit more. And she had no idea who or why.

She was dying, and she knew it, yet her soul was in so many others that she knew she would live on. And she would refuse to go down without a fight. Whoever was doing this to her would pay. She would make them pay. And she knew how it was.

Her time traveling was the only way to keep her legacy alive. She was the only one who could do it, and she had to make sure that her legacy lived on. She could not let her family down.

Part:

Naddalin- And yet the games of play never change, the kids are figure skating on the ground just outside the castle. They look

happy and carefree as they glide across the ice. It is a beautiful remarkable sight. The first time I went ice skating, I was five years old. My mom took me to the local rink, and I was instantly hooked. I loved the way the chilly air felt on my face, and the way my skates glided across the ice. I was a natural, and within a few months, I was taking lessons and competing in competitions.

There was once a land where magical tournaments were held. The best magicians from all over the world would come to compete in these tournaments. The winner of the tournament would be declared the greatest magician in the world.

One day, a young girl named Naddalin found out about these tournaments. She was determined to compete in one and become the greatest magician in the world, even more then Nevaeh, after all Naddalin was in this world about 10 years longer.

So, she set out on a journey to find the tournament. After many years of searching, she finally found it. She entered the tournament and won it.

Now, Naddalin is the greatest magician in the world. The magical tournament was the most important event of the year. All the best wizards and fallen angles and all magical people alike from all over the

afterlife world came to compete. The winner would be crowned the greatest wizard in the world.

Naddalin had always dreamed of winning at the age of 10 years old the tournament. He had been training for years and was finally old enough to compete. She was determined to win.

The tournament was held in a different location each year. This year, it was being held in School Castles.

The tournament consisted of five tasks. Naddalin was determined to win, and he did. She defeated all the enemies and became the greatest wizard in the world, it was more

than just games that we played in this world. The tournament is called the ‘**quintuples’ and consisted** of five tasks.

1. The first task was to get through a labyrinth of wood and hay fields.

2. The second task was to recover a demand and rubies and all five jewels from underneath from the other gladiators while in the large Gothic stone-arched labyrinth of an auditorium.

3. And the third task was to defeat the dark animals of the dark woods. Along with traversing the lake to the other side of the school grounds past many obstacles, that would sure be deadly.

4. The fourth task is all ice-related, ice skating, and performing.

5. The fifth was moments of true duel to final death with other fallen angels in flight, until the other was disassembled, limbs from limbs, and wings likewise or and then even to be decapitated. Were the bones go to the crypt for maintaining a humiliation to your life and character, as a fallen weakling?

Naddalin as I got older, my love for ice skating only grew, yet death was faster to me than my age and love for it. I started to experiment with different jumps and spins, and I quickly became one of the best skaters in the country. I started to dream of one day

competing in the Olympics back when I was part of the world of Earth, and I was determined to make that dream a reality, even in the afterlife.

Then, one day, something magical happened. I was practicing my jumps on the rink, and I suddenly took off into the air. I felt like I was flying, and I landed perfectly on my feet. I could not believe it - I had just performed a perfect triple axel. Also, part of the task where you must land 5 in one show to win.

From then on, I knew that I was destined to be an Olympic champion. I trained harder than ever, and I eventually made it to the

Olympics. I won the gold medal, and I was finally living my dream.

Part:

Nevaeh- We were always close, my sister and me. But as we grew older, we grew apart. We each had our own lives and our friends. But no matter how much time passed, we always had each other.

The wisest person I ever met was my graduation mother. She always had a way of knowing what to say to make me feel better. She was always so full of wisdom, and I will always cherish the time I spent with her.

Lily and I, now, are both adults with our own families, I remember some even if I am

lost in other worlds. But we are still available for each other. And when we are together, it feels like nothing has changed. We laugh and talk like we used to, and it is like we pick up right where we left off.

Our memories are some of the most precious things we have. They remind us of who we are and where we came from. And when we look back on them, we cannot help but smile.

Love is the most wonderful feeling in the world. It can make you feel happy, sad, excited, and everything in between. When you are in love with someone, you cannot help but feel happy when you are around

them. You feel like you cannot get enough of them, and you want to spend every waking moment with them. Being in love is one of the best things in the world.

It is hard to lose someone. Whether it is a close friend, a family member, or a loved one, the loss of someone close to you can be devastating. The pain and sorrow can feel overwhelming, and it can be hard to know how to cope.

There is no one right way to cope with the loss of someone. Grief is a very personal experience, and everyone deals with it in diverse ways. Some people may find comfort in talking about their loved ones, while

others may prefer to keep their memories private. Some may find solace in their faith, while others may find comfort in nature.

Whatever way you choose to cope with your loss, it is important to be patient with yourself. Grief can be a long and arduous process, but eventually, with time and support, you will start to heal.

There is no one answer to whether faith in the magical world exists. It is a complex question with many different facets. Some belief wholeheartedly in the existence of magic and the magical world. They may have seen evidence of magic with their own eyes, or they may simply believe in it because they

want to believe. On the other hand, some are skeptical of the existence of magic and the magical world. They may have never seen any evidence of magic, or they may have seen evidence that they believe can be explained by science or rational thought.

Whether or not faith in the magical world exists is a personal belief. There is no right or wrong answer.

We as fallen angels have a lot in common. We are all beautiful, smart, and powerful. We have all fallen from grace, and we all have a dark side. We are all struggling to find our place in the world, and we all have a lot of baggage. But we are also all resilient, and we

can rise above our darkness and find our light again. We are all capable of great love and great evil, and we are all capable of redemption.

Finally, like when it comes to love as me being Nevaeh or lost in the full body of Naddalin's heart and soul likewise, it is easy to get caught up in the idea of finding 'the one.' We often think that if we can just find that special someone, then everything will be perfect. While it is true that finding a great partner can make your life infinitely better, it is also important to realize that no relationship is perfect. Every relationship takes work, and even the best ones have their difficulties.

If you want to find love and make it last, then you need to be willing to put in the effort. Here are a few things you can do to make your relationship stronger:

1. Communicate openly and honestly with your partner.

This is one of the most important things you can do in any relationship. If you want to find love and make it last, you need to be able to communicate your needs and wants to your partner. When you can openly communicate, it is easier to resolve conflicts and build a stronger bond.

2. Be supportive of your partner.

One of the best things you can do for your partner is to be supportive of their dreams and goals. When you can be there for them, it shows that you genuinely care about them and their happiness.

3. Be willing to compromise.

In any relationship, there will be times when you must compromise. Whether it is deciding on where to eat dinner or what movie to watch, being willing to compromise shows that you are willing to work together to find a solution that works for both of you.

4. Be available for each other.

In today’s busy world, it is easy to let your relationship take a backseat to your

career or other obligations. However, if you want to find love and make it last, you need to be available for your partner. Whether it is going on regular date nights or just taking a few minutes each day to talk, being available for each other is essential.

5. Be honest with each other.

Part:

Honesty is another key ingredient in any successful relationship. If you want to find love and make it last, you need to be able to be honest with your partner about your thoughts and feelings. When you are honest with each other, it is easier to trust and respect each other.

If you are looking for love and want to make it last, then you need to be willing to put in the effort. By following these tips, you can create a strong, lasting relationship with the partner of your dreams.

We sing our songs and rejoice even if they sound so sad. It seems like no one thinks anymore. All they do is sit around and stare. They do not care about the world anymore. And it is starting to show. It is so sad to see what is happening. To the world that we used to know. It is like everyone has given up. And they do not even try anymore.

What happened to the days? When people would stand up and fight. For what they

believed in. Now it is like they do not even care. It is like they have lost all hope. And they do not believe in anything. Thus, anymore, we cannot give up. We must keep fighting. For the world that we believe in. And someday things will change. And people will start to care again. I am lovesick, I am lovesick. I cannot help myself; I am lovesick. I am trying to get over you. But I cannot, I am lovesick. I am wasted, I am wasted. I cannot help myself; I am wasted. I am trying to get over you. But I cannot, I am wasted. Remembering the times, we had. All the laughter, all the fun. We were always together. Never a dull moment. Those were the days. We will never forget it. The

memories we made. Will last forever. The good times we had. We will never forget it. Each moment. We shared…In your arms I am safe. From the storm and the strife, in your arms I am free. From the pain and the misery.

In your arms I am whole, and I know that I am loved. In your arms, I am at peace. And I know that you will never leave. In your arms I am home. And I know that I am never alone. When I am in your arms, I am free from all fear.

And I know that you will always be here, so hold me close and never let me go. For in your arms is where I belong.

And I am content to stay in your arms until the end of days, The gifts of life and love, the greatest gifts of all, Are the ones that we receive. From the ones we love the most. They haunt me, every single day, I try to run, but I cannot get away from the ghosts of the past coming yet another day. To stay and fade away, to stay and fade yet away. I see them every day. In the crowded streets. And in the empty seats. In the classrooms and the hallways. They are the ghosts of the past. And they haunt me still. I cannot escape their faces. Or their memories, I see them in my dreams. And in my waking hours. They are always there, reminding me of what I have lost.

-And-

What I can never have. I try to forget, but they will not let me. They are the ghosts of the past. And they haunt me still. Echoes and phrases, In my head all day. I cannot get them out. No matter what I do. They just keep coming back. And haunting me, I cannot escape, From the memories. That will not go away. I have these wonderful dreams, And I just cannot wait to see, What the future holds for me. I know that anything is possible, and I cannot wait to find out. What my dreams will bring to me. Come close to me, my love. And let our hearts entwine. For tonight we will make love. And let all else pass us by. I stand alone, I am waiting for you. I am waiting for

you. To take me away. I am waiting for you. To come and save me. From this endless night. I am waiting for you. To come and rescue me (away.)

From this storm of pain. I am waiting for you (away.) To take me away. I am waiting for you. To come and save me. From this endless night. We are holding hands. And everything feels right. We are laughing and joking. And nothing can tear us apart. We are holding hands. And our hearts are beating as one. We are standing strong. And we will never let go. We are holding hands. And we will never be alone. We are in this together. And we will never let go. You never know how I feel about you girl. I keep it all inside, I

am afraid to let it show. How can I tell you how I feel? I am afraid you will never know.

You will never know what I am feeling inside, I can fight this feeling, but I do not know why. I keep holding on to this pain I feel. I know I need to let it go, but it is hard to do When I am holding on to you. Lusting for the kiss, I cannot help myself, I see you across the room. And I just want to taste your lips. I am like a moth to a flame, I cannot resist, your lips are calling my name. And I just cannot resist. I am falling for you, Faster than I ever thought I would. I am hooked on your kiss.

And I just cannot get enough. The death of the fallen angels. It is the end of our story, but we will never forget it. The time we had together. We were always fighting, but we always loved each other. And now we are gone. But we will never be forgotten. We were the best of friends. And now we are gone... even in the death of the fallen. A fallen soldier, a life cut short. A family left behind, to mourn and grieve. A fallen soldier, a hero to some. A life ended too soon, Before their time. You and I are in love. We are meant to be together. I will love you forever.

My heart is yours to keep. I promise you I will never leave. I will always be there for

you. My love for you is true. You are my everything. I need you in my life.

I cannot imagine my life without you. We belong together. I will love you forever. My heart is yours to keep. I promise you I will never leave. You are my everything. I need you in my life. I cannot imagine my life without you.

We belong together. I will love you forever. There is something special about magical games. They transport us to different worlds where we can be anyone we want to be. We can cast spells, fly on broomsticks, and battle evil villains. For a few hours, we

get to escape the mundane reality of our everyday lives.

Whether we are playing alone or with friends, magical games provide us with an opportunity to explore different sides of ourselves. We can be the hero or the villain, the good witch, or the bad witch. We can save the world or destroy it.

Something is thrilling about taking on the role of a powerful sorcerer or a brave warrior. We test our limits and see what we are capable of. We can make things happen with the wave of a wand or the snap of our fingers.

Magical games give us a chance to be the experts in our destiny. We can create our adventure and author our own story. We can choose our path and forge our destiny.

So, what are you waiting for? It is time to let your imagination run wild and explore the magical world of games! Casting spells is a complicated and precise art that takes practice and experience to perfect. There are a few key things to remember when casting spells:

1. Know your intention. What do you want your spell to accomplish? Be as specific as possible.

2. Choose the right ingredients. Different spells require different ingredients, so make sure you know what each ingredient is for and how it will contribute to your spell.

3. Timing is everything. Spells must be cast at the right time to be effective. This means knowing the phases of the moon, the tides, and other factors that can influence your spelling.

4. Visualize your goal. As you cast your spell, picture in your mind what you want to happen. The clearer and more specific your visualization, the more likely your spelling will be successful.

5. Trust your instincts. If something does not feel right, do not do it. There is no one right way to cast a spell, so go with your gut and do what feels best to you.

With these tips in mind, you will be well on your way to casting successful spells. Remember, practice makes perfect, so do not get discouraged if your first few attempts do not work out exactly as you had planned. The more you cast spells, the better you will become at it.

A crystal ball is an immensely powerful tool that can be used to tell your life story. By looking into the crystal ball, you will be able to see your past, present, and future. This is

an immensely powerful way to get a glimpse into your life.

A bewitched person is someone put under a spell or curse. This can happen for a variety of reasons, but most often it is because someone is jealous of the person or wants to harm them. There are many ways to break a spell or curse, but it is not always easy.

I have been bewitched many times, with passion. I have been in love with many different people, and each time it feels like it is the first time. I am not sure if I am really in love, or if I am just addicted to the idea of being in love. I have been hurt so many times, and I am not sure if I can handle it

anymore. I am not sure if I want to be in love again.

A portion of love given to you to feel the feelings of love can be a very magical and wonderful experience. It can also be a bit overwhelming and scary, but it is an incredibly special and unique gift. There are many ways to make a portion of love, but the most important ingredient is always loved itself. Whether you use fresh roses, a love song, or even your blood, if the love is genuine and pure, the potion will work.

The effects of a portion of love can vary depending on how it is made and what ingredients are used. However, the potion

will cause the drinker to feel intense love and adoration for the person who gave them the potion. They may also feel a more romantic and sexual desire for that person, and may even see them in a new, more positive light. In some cases, the effects of the potion can last for days or even weeks, but it is also possible for the feelings to fade quickly.

If you have been given a portion of love, it is important to remember that the feelings you are experiencing are not necessarily real. They may be based on your desires and fantasies, or they may be completely fabricated by the potion. Either way, it is important to be careful with how you act on these feelings. If you believe the person, you

are in love with is your soulmate, then go for it! But if you are not sure, or if you have any doubts, it is always best to err on the side of caution and take things slow.

There is no one right way to have sex, but there are a few things that are important for making sure it is enjoyable and satisfying for both partners. Good sex is all about communication, so make sure to talk to your partner about what you like and do not like. Be present and pay attention to your partner's body language and cues to ensure that both of you are enjoying yourselves.

We are all magical creatures living in a magical game of life. Every day is a new

adventure, full of surprises and possibilities. We are experts in our destiny, and the only limit is our imagination.

Life is a beautiful mystery, full of wonder and delight. Let us all remember the magic within us and embrace the joy of living.

When you think of the word 'romantic,' what comes to mind? Chances are, you think of love. That is because being romantic is all about making your loved one feel special. It is about showing them how much you care, in both big and small ways.

If you are looking to be more romantic, there are endless possibilities. You can cook your partner their favorite meal, write them a

heartfelt letter, or even just give them a long hug. It is important to remember that being romantic does not have to be expensive or complicated. Sometimes, the simplest gestures can be the most romantic of all.

No matter what you do, the key is to do it from the heart. If you are genuine in your affection, your partner is sure to appreciate it. So go ahead and let your romantic side shine!

Sports in this world of magical creatures are a bit different than what we are used to. For one, the playing field is not level. There are creatures with abilities that give them an unfair advantage. This is why there are

different leagues for diverse types of creatures. There are also rules in place to prevent creatures from using their magic to harm others.

The most popular sport in this world is Quidditch. It is a sport played on broomsticks, and the object is to score points by throwing a ball through one of the three hoops. Two beaters try to prevent the other team from scoring and a seeker tries to catch the golden snitch. The snitch is a creature that is amazingly fast and difficult to catch.

Some sports are only for certain types of creatures. For example, there is a sport called dragon racing. This is where creatures

ride on the back of dragons and try to be the first to cross the finish line.

No matter what sport you are playing, sportsmanship is always important. This is a world where people are working together to achieve a common goal and that is to have fun.

Angles are creatures of light and dark. They live in a magical world and can fly. They are often seen as evil because they can be overly aggressive.

Angels are seen as benevolent beings that are there to help us in times of need. But what about the dark angels? Are they real?

There are many stories and legends about dark angels. Some say that they are the fallen angels, cast out of heaven for their wicked ways. Others say that they are simply angels that have been corrupted by the darkness.

Whatever their origins, there is no denying those dark angels are a force to be reckoned with. They are often depicted as flying creatures with large wings and dark, menacing eyes.

Some people believe that dark angels are responsible for all the evil in the world. They say that these creatures feed on the negative

energy of humans and that they enjoy causing misery and suffering.

Others believe that dark angels are simply misunderstood. They say that these creatures are trying to help us, but their methods are often misunderstood.

Whatever your beliefs, there is no denying those dark angels are fascinating creatures. Whether they are real or just a figment of our imagination, they continue to capture our attention and fill us with fear.

Part:

The Dark Angels are a mysterious and feared organization within the Imperium of Man. They are the first and oldest of the

Emperor's Space Marine Legions, and one of the nine that still survives and fights in His name today. The Dark Angels are renowned for their secrecy and their skill in carrying out the emperor's will, and they are dreaded by their enemies for their ruthlessness and tenacity in battle. The Dark Angels have a long and bloody history, and their dark reputation is well-earned.

The Dark Angels were created by the Emperor Himself during the Unification Wars on Terra in the early days of the Imperium. The emperor saw the potential for His Space Marines to become the mightiest warriors in the galaxy, and so He created the Dark Angels as His first Legion. The Dark Angels

were given the task of rooting out and destroying the last pockets of resistance to the Imperium on Terra. They accomplished this task with brutal efficiency, and the Dark Angels soon became known as the emperor's most faithful and loyal servants.

The Dark Angels took part in many of the early campaigns of the Great Crusade, and they quickly earned a reputation as one of the most powerful and feared Space Marine Legions. The Dark Angels were instrumental in the defeat of the Orks on Ellanor, and they played a key role in the destruction of the Chaos forces on Cadia. The Dark Angels were also responsible for the capture of the Eldar world of Craft world Biel-Tan, and they

fought with distinction against the forces of the Tau Empire in the Damocles Gulf Crusade.

The Dark Angels were one of the first Legions to be affected by the infamous Legions Astarte's: Curse of the Black Rage and they have been struggling to control the Black Rage ever since. The Dark Angels have been forced to take drastic measures to prevent the Black Rage from consuming their Legion, and as a result, they have become even more secretive and reclusive. The Dark Angels are now a shadow of their former selves, and their once-proud history is stained with the blood of their fallen brethren.

The Dark Angels are currently engaged in a bitter war against their former allies, the Space Wolves. The two Legions have been fighting for centuries, and the conflict shows no signs of abating. The Dark Angels are determined to destroy the Space Wolves, and they will stop at nothing to achieve their goal.

The Dark Angels are a fearsome and deadly foe, and they will continue to be a thorn in the side of the Imperium for many years to come. The Chamber of Omens is a special room in the Temple of Omens, where the High Priest of Omens consults the oracles. It is said that the oracles in the Chamber of Omens can foretell the future

and that the High Priest of Omens can interpret their messages.

The Chamber of Omens is a sacred place for the High Priest of Omens, and it is said that he has a special connection to the oracles. It is believed that the oracles in the Chamber of Omens can help the High Priest of Omens to make important decisions about the future.

The Chamber of Omens is a place of great power, and it is said that the decisions made in the Chamber of Omens can change the course of history.

A crystal ball is an immensely powerful tool that can be used to tell your life story. By

looking into the crystal ball, you will be able to see your past, present, and future. This is an immensely powerful way to get a glimpse into your life.

Demons have been a part of human culture since the beginning of time. They are said to be evil spirits that inhabit the underworld and often they are associated with death and destruction. In many cultures, they are seen as evil beings that must be destroyed to protect the living. However, in some cultures, demons are seen as helpful beings that can be summoned to assist in times of need.

There are countless stories and legends about demons from all over the world. In some cultures, they are said to be the souls of the dead that have been cast out of the underworld. In others, they are said to be powerful beings that have been summoned by black magic. No matter what their origin story is, they are always seen as dangerous and to be avoided.

One of the most famous stories about demons comes from the Bible. In this story, a group of demons known as the Legion is said to have possessed a man and terrorized the city of Gadara. The man was said to be so possessed that he was able to break chains

and shackles. The Legion was eventually exorcised by Jesus and the man was healed.

This story is just one of the many that exist about demons. Whether they are seen as evil or helpful, they are always surrounded by mystery and intrigue.

A graveyard is a place of the lost and their story that should be told. It is a place of sadness and remembrance, of love and loss. It is a place where we can go to remember those who have gone before us and learn from their stories.

A graveyard is a place of history. It is a place where we can go to learn about the past and to understand the present. It is a

place where we can go to find peace and to find hope.

The graveyard is where I will be if I do not win this game. I am not afraid to die, but I do not want to final die just yet. I want to win this game and see what the next level has in store for me. I am not ready to give up and go to the graveyard just yet.

The children with black evil-looking eyes were always up to no good. They would sneak around in the dark, looking for ways to cause mischief. No one knew where they came from, but everyone knew to stay away from them.

One night, the children with black evil looking eyes decided to break into the local grocery store. They were caught red-handed by the store owner, who called the police. The children were taken away in a squad car, never to be seen again.

I never thought it would be possible, but I am now a werewolf. It all started when I was bitten by a wolf while I was out hiking. At first, I thought I was just sick, but then I started to notice some changes. I was becoming more aggressive, and my senses were becoming keener. I also noticed I was growing hair all over my body. I was terrified at first, but then I started to accept it. I embraced my new abilities and started to use

them to my advantage. I would go out on walks at night and howl at the moon. It felt liberating to be one with nature. I also noticed I was attracted to other werewolves. There was something about their wild nature that called me. I knew that I could never go back to being human again. I was now a part of the pack, and I would never be alone again.

There is something strange and otherworldly about the ghostly children with black eyes and soft glowing faces. They seem to materialize out of thin air, and they are always whispering to each other in a language that no one can understand.

Some say that these children are the lost souls of children who died before they had a chance to live. Others say that they are demons who come to collect the souls of the wicked. No one knows for sure, but one thing is certain: these children are not to be trifled with.

If you see one of these children, it is best to turn and run the other way. They may look small and harmless, but they have the power to haunt your dreams and drive you insane.

I remember the first time I played the game. I was only six years old, and my brother was eight. We were in the living room, and my brother had just gotten the

game for his birthday. I remember being so excited to play it with him. We sat down on the floor, and he explained the rules to me. I remember being so scared, but I did not want to show it. I did not want my brother to think I was a baby.

So, I pretended to be brave, and I played the game. But with every roll of the dice, I felt my heart racing faster and faster. I was so scared that I was going to lose, and I did not want to disappoint my brother. But I also did not want to disappoint myself. I wanted to be brave.

Eventually, I started to relax and enjoy the game. And I realized that there was

nothing to fear. It was just a game. And I was good at it. I started winning, and my brother started getting frustrated. But I did not care. I was having fun.

And that is when I realized that there is nothing to be afraid of when it comes to games. Sure, you might lose sometimes. But that is all part of the fun. So do not be afraid to play. Because in the end, it is just a game.

Forever, whatever, what if this is my last life and death is to come? It is a scary thought, but it is one that we all must face eventually. If I knew that my time was limited, I would want to make the most of it. I would want to experience as much as

possible and create as many memories as I could.

I would also want to spend as much time as possible with the people I love. I would tell them how much they mean to me and how grateful I am to have them in my life. I would want to make sure they know how much I love them and how important they are to me.

-And-

Then when death comes, I would go to my grave knowing that I lived my life to the fullest and that I cherished the time I had with those I love.

I was always the scared one, even though my sisters always tried to protect me. I

feared the dark, ghosts, and anything that might hurt me. But I was never as scared as I am now. I fear losing my sisters. I fear being alone. I fear what might happen to me if I am not careful. But I am also scared of what might happen to them if I am. I do not know what to do. I do not know how to protect them and myself at the same time. I am so scared.

I recall the games of the sky were dark and foreboding as the Angels descended to Earth. They had a mission to complete and would stop at nothing to see it through. The humans below were unsuspecting of the danger that was coming their way.

The Angels landed in a small town in the middle of nowhere. They did not know where they were or what they were supposed to do. They only knew that they had to find the chosen one.

The one chosen was a young girl who was about to turn eighteen. She was the only one who could save the world from the Angels.

The Angels did not know how to find her, but they knew that she would be the key to their success.

They started to search the town, going from house to house. They were looking for any sign of the chosen one.

The humans feared the Angels, but they did not know what to do. They were frozen in place, not knowing what would happen next.

The Angels finally found the chosen one. She was hiding in her house, trying to stay away from them.

She was the only one who could stop the Angels from destroying the world.

As the sun sets, so does the last bit of natural light that illuminates our world. For those who work the night shift, this can create unique challenges, as the body is not meant to be awake and alert in darkness.

There are a few key things that night shift workers can do to help adjust to the

darkness and make the most of their work hours.

First, it is important to get enough sleep during the day. This may mean setting an alarm and sticking to a strict sleep schedule. It is also important to avoid caffeine and alcohol before bed, as these can make it harder to fall asleep.

Second, it is important to create a well-lit workspace. This can be done by using a lamp or opening blinds to let in as much light as possible. It is also important to take regular breaks to walk around and get some natural light.

Third, it is important to stay hydrated and eat healthy foods. This can be difficult when working long hours, but it is important to remember that the body needs fuel to function properly.

Fourth, it can be helpful to find a friend or co-worker to help stay awake and alert during the night shift. This can be someone to talk to or simply someone to sit with in silence.

Lastly, it is important to listen to the body and take breaks when needed. The body will naturally want to sleep when it is dark, so it is important to take breaks and walk around to keep the body awake.

Working the night shift can be challenging, but by following these tips, it is possible to stay awake and alert in the darkness.

The dark magical creatures and the wolves crying, and the ghostly children in the mornings are all part of the dark side of magic. These things are often associated with death, destruction, and fear. Many people believe that these dark creatures are evil and should be avoided. However, some believe that they can be harnessed for good.

Dark magical creatures include vampires, werewolves, ghosts, and witches. These creatures have all been known to cause harm

to humans. Vampires can drain your blood, werewolves can kill you, ghosts can haunt you, and witches can cast spells on you. However, some believe that these creatures can be used for good.

Some people believe that vampires can be used to help people with medical conditions. Werewolves can be used to protect people from danger. Ghosts can be used to help people cross over to the other side. Witches can be used to cast spells that help people.

Many are afraid of the dark side of magic. However, some believe that it can be

used for good. It is up to everyone to decide what they believe.

The sky is a beautiful thing. Every day is full of wonders and entities. Sometimes, the sky is so full of activity that it seems like it is alive. Today was one of those days. The sky was a deep blue, and the sun was shining. There were clouds in the sky, but they were exceedingly rare. The wind was blowing, and the birds were singing. It was a beautiful day.

The dark magical creatures are said to be the embodiment of all that is evil in the world. They are said to be the cause of all the misery and suffering in the world and are said to feast on the blood of innocent mortals.

The wolf's crying is said to be the sound of their victims crying out in agony, and the ghostly children screaming is said to be the sound of their souls being ripped from their bodies.

The skies were dark, and entities were flying about. They were determined to win and take minds. They were relentless in their pursuit. But there was one mind that they could not take. It was the mind of a young girl. She was different from the others. She was special. She was the only one who could see them. And she was the only one who could stop them.

Naddalin woke up early on Saturday morning, excited for the day ahead. She and her friends were going to play a game of make-believe, pretending to be fairies. They would fly around the park, casting spells on each other and having adventures. Naddalin put on her costume, a pretty dress with wings attached, and headed out to meet her friends.

As they played, Naddalin felt like she could fly. She zoomed around, casting spells and having fun. She was so caught up in the game that she did not notice when one of her friends stopped playing. When she finally noticed, she flew over to see what was wrong.

Her friend was crying, and when Naddalin asked what was wrong, she found out that her mom was getting a divorce. Naddalin felt terrible for her friend, and they hugged each other. Even though it was just a game, Naddalin felt like she had helped her friend in a time of need.

Part:

When death devours, it leaves behind a trail of destruction. It is an unstoppable force that can reduce even the strongest person to a quivering heap of flesh and bones. There is no escaping death, it will find you eventually. It is the great equalizer, the one thing that all humans have in common. No matter how rich

or poor, how young, or old, death will come for us all.

Some people try to deny death, to pretend that it does not exist. But that only makes the eventuality more frightening. Death is something to be faced head-on. It is a part of life and should be embraced as such.

Those who have lost someone to death know the pain and sorrow that it brings. But they also know that life must go on. The sun will rise tomorrow, and life will go on. We must carry on because that is what our loved ones would want us to do.

When death devours us, it reminds us of our mortality. It is a stark reminder that life is precious and should not be taken for granted. We must make the most of the time we have because we never know when death will come knocking. As it did to me with omen.

I- Nevaeh like my sister's, developed a warm feeling, almost sun-kissed on a satisfying day. Shaping a heavy dress, I walked away to walk on the winter beach. I went to the pier; The chilly wind moved me along the shore. The last place I remember getting better. In the middle of a long spiral, I saw you there.

'The gifts of life' – of toil, capital, companions, education, trials, home, giggle, pursuits, sharing, gratefulness, thankfulness for a day given, and devotion.

Between the water and the sky, with her back facing the sand. I walked right behind you as if we had always been strangers. Your eyes remained fixed on the horizon, you never looked around. Were you waiting for a signal? A sort of blessing of the clouds to tell you what to do? You did not know if it was the right time to leave.

I am still not sure, and I was sorry to hear that you were as sad as I was. I wish we had not been forced to turn so blue. I have

not been able to think clearly, my thoughts are flooded with everything that has happened and will not happen. All the words I have written read as praise for a parallel life that will never be lived outside my mind. It has been a lot lately, suddenly. I was thinking of you. Every moonlight, flame, tide, and sea, of course, are you.

(Letter that same night moving into the next morning.)

Naddalin was repeating: ‘Was it all a dream? Was it all a dream?’ Eyes push wide open, and shut, fast in three blinks. Others around there got robes from their dormitories and set off through the portrait

hole (And stand and defy, you yellow-bellied crosses!) Down via the- empty castle and out through the- oak front entrances. Spinning... time tore away from their minds. Just moments after, I saw the pressing his lips to my nick. Though the porthole, we are going to be fine, Emmah told her, though she would- looked positively terrified. And You have the power of flying faster than a fire-bolt! Said Jinger.

Naddalin set down her goblet and was about to turn back to her bed when something caught her eye. An animal of some kind was flying horses across the- silvery lawn. Naddalin dashed to the bedside table,

snatched up her glasses, and put them on, she hurried back to the- window.

It could not be the- grimmest feeling- right before she- match, yet this feeling was not - She- peered out at the- grounds again and, after a minute’s frantic searching, spotted it. It was skirting the- edge of the- forest now… I remember seeing giants, both men, and banshees. Al-mi’raj. I even recall seeing Doppelganger, I would know I have been called one by my bloodline or family on my mother's side. Looked the same as the person in question, doppelgangers were not their twins. According to the belief, doppelgangers had no reflections in the mirror or cast shadows. I even recall seeing

in the dark frost, Nemean Lions, and now and then you can hear the screaming of dragons.

It was not grim at all… it was playful… Naddalin clutched her windowsill ledge in relief as she- recognized her- bottle-brush tail was not healed from the last time around.

Then it was a few seconds before Naddalin remembered that the match had not happened, yet it was still lost in the body of Nevaeh, that she was safe in bed. Like a time, machine from one mine to another, the Amzel team would not be allowed to play on dark angels versus light, in a showdown of power. This was a thirsty feeling all around the land. Quietly as she- could, she- got out of

her fourth poster and went to pour herself some water from her- silver jug beneath her- window. It is odd to say that Nevaeh did the same thing.

First, she- dreamed that she- had overslept and that Ms. Monroe was yelling, 'Where were you?' We had to use Neilly instead! And she- dreamed that Mallerie and the rest of the Amzel team arrived for the- match as dark angels. She dreamed that she was Nevaeh, and the end of the math was her death. Yes… said, Naddalin, Savannah is writing, for me. I need to get it together. Moments later It came as a relief when Ms. Monroe suddenly stood up and yelled Team!

Out of Bed! And Naddalin slept badly from the nightmares.

Then off in the games, Naddalin was flying at breakneck speed, trying to avoid a spurt of flames from Mallerie's steed's mouth, then she- realized she- had forgotten she had the power of making fire-bolts from her fingertips. She- fell through the- air and woke with a start, of being Nevaeh doing the same fight. Was it all a dream or just lost in her head? Or was it all happening?

The grounds were still and quiet. No breath of wind disturbed the- treetops in the Prohibited Forest; the Weeping Willow was motionless and innocent-looking yet wicked

and mean to all that walked past it. It looked as though the conditions for the- match would be perfect, clear, and pleasant.

Naddalin squinted, pressing her nose flat against the- stained glass. Naddalin was sure she- could see something else moving in the- shadow of the- trees too, surely more than a ghost, yet nothing less than a shadow person, or was it one of those lost souls, a girl child with a pail white face, and dark hair, and black holes for eyes, she did not know. It was like a lost seven-year child in all white, looking for her mother, or a friend in this sometimes-cold mysterious world.

And just then it emerged in a gigantic, shaggy wolfish black dog, moving stealthily across the- lawn, and past the other side. Naddalin stared. What did she mean? She could see the dog as well, how could it be an omen of Nevaeh's death, if she should be still inside her at this very moment? Or was it the meaning that she too was to die for the last time in this world? And Jinger would be next to take over as leadership!

And Naddalin shared. Jinger! Wake up!

-And-

‘Huh?’

Jinger, I need you to tell me if you can see something! Said Naddalin in a squall.

Then a sudden violent gust of wind and a localized storm moved past the window from the inside of the room. As they were looking out of this coldness, it was directly over their heads. And giving the feeling of bringing rain, snow, and heavy sleet pounding agents their bodies. The ceiling flickered with lighting,

The feeling of darkness, Naddalin, And Jinger muttered thickly, this is the sign of the times.

‘What is this all about?’

‘I do not know.’

Do you see that moving down there?

Naddalin looked quickly back out of the- window. And the dog had vanished. Naddalin climbed onto the- windowsill to look right down into the shadows of the- castle 10 stories up (100 feet) from one of the Great Hall Rotundas and up in one of the turrets, but she was not there, and just below the public roman style girls bathing room, and open-air lavatories, were all the girls would bath for the night. Her face was still lost in her eyes as if pulled away slowly from her mind. Where had she gone?

Yet the face and little girl were right there next to her face not more than a foot away. Yet a very loud snore told her Jinger had fallen asleep again. I am happy that you

can sleep. she muttered under her breath. Yes, it is all in my head. She whispered to herself.

‘Yes, it was only a dream.’

Naddalin and the- rest of the Coletti team entered the- Great Hall the- next day to enormous applause. Naddalin could not she-lap grinning broadly as she- saw that both she-Back Baird and Havana tables were applauding them too. The Moon wolf's table shied loudly as they passed. Naddalin noticed that Mallerie looked even paler than usual.

Then Monroe spent the whole breakfast urging her team to eat while touching nothing, her fairy. She hurried off to the- field

before anyone else had finished, so she could get an idea of the conditions outside. As they left the- Great Hall, everyone applauded again. Good luck, Andolina'd called Savannah out. Naddalin felt her fairy blushing.

Dark words of angels the dark words of angels, brightest light in the world, a place for all things to be at home, a place where angels dwell crawling through the darkest parts of you. Then crawling through the darkest places in your soul

As far as the eye can see, a place where angels dwell, the brightest light in the world is a room: the Hall of Records, this room is large and empty. It contains a long desk, an

antique filing cabinet, several bookshelves, and a large map of the United States on one wall. There are also several framed photos on the walls, including a sepia-toned photo of Abraham Lincoln that has been autographed by many people (including Abraham himself). The room is cluttered with countless files and documents relating to the history of the country.

The room is bare except for a large, sturdy table in the center of the room and an empty chair at its head. The walls are lined with shelves holding books that you recognize as belonging to the collection of strange objects known as 'art'.

There is a door leading south; it leads into the library.

You look through the bookcases on either side of the table, looking for anything interesting. You find a few books about creatures and otherworldly things. Some of them seem to be written by people who have encountered what they are describing. A few others have been written by people who have made up their own stories based on the descriptions in those books. Either way, there does not appear to be anything unusual among these books.

You notice that the shelves hold many kinds of books: some are bound in leather or

cloth while others are covered in paper. Some of the books contain handwritten notes and sketches, while others are illustrated with drawings or photographs. They range from thick tomes weighing several pounds each all the way down to small pamphlets no larger than your hand. One thing is certain: there is a lot more information here than you can read before night falls again...

You leaf through one of the books, reading about the history and mythology of some of the most famous monsters in legend, folklore, and fairy tales. As far as you can tell, this volume contains nothing else unusual.

You turn away from the shelf. 'I think I'll take this book,' you say, taking a pamphlet entitled 'The Legend of the Old Man of the Mountain' off the same shelf, the tale stick man that takes souls.

As you open the book, something catches your eye. It looks like a tiny piece of parchment tucked inside the book's cover. Curious, you reach in and pull it out.

Okay - no wind to speak of - the sun is a bit bright, that could impair your vision, watch out for it - ground is hard, good, that will give us a fast kickoff Monroe paced the-field, staring around with the team behind her. Finally, she saw the front doors of the-

castle open in the far distance and the rest of the Savannah's spilling onto the- lawn.

-And-

Then now in the locker rooms said Monroe tersely. None of them spoke as they changed into their scarlet robes. Naddalin wondered if they were feeling like there was as though they had eaten something extremely wriggly for breakfast. In what seemed like no time at all, Monroe was saying, okay, its time, let us go, they walked out onto the- field to a tidal wave of noise.

Three-quarters of the crowd were wearing scarlet rosettes. Then waving scarlet flags with the Coletti lion upon them, or

brand icing banners with slogans like And GO COLETTI! And LIONS FOR THE- CUP. And behind the Moon wolf goalposts, however, two and fifty-two hundred people were wearing orange; with silver and an image of a wolf glittered on their flags. And Professor Lily sat in the- very front row, wearing green like everyone else, And a very grim smile. And there is the- Coalisland yelled Yesenia 'Lee' Sosa, who was acting as a commentator as usual. Bella, and Dana Aguilar.

Then the girl, Spinet, Raylie, Raylie, And Monroe. They widely candling horses hemmed as the best team at the school for girls has seen in a good few- years, Lee’s comments were drowned by a tide of 'boo's’

from a the- Moon wolf end. Likewise, there comes the Moon wolf team, led by Captain Malinda Mcclain, then she made some changes in her lineup and appears to be reaching for size than skill.

Part:

‘Well… well, one like you- do not know, you know what Smidge are?’ ‘It sounds as though you’ve been trying to sew your skin back together,’ said Mr. S Raylie with a snort of mirthless laughter, 'but even you, Elena Cooper, wouldn’t be that stupid.’ ‘I fancy a cup of tea, too,’ said Naddalin, jumping to her feet. Emmah, Jinger, and Jill almost jogged to the- door with her. As it swung

closed behind them, they and Mr. S Raylie shriek, 'WHAT DO YOU MEAN, That's THE-GENERAL IDEA (Individuals with Disabilities Education Act)?' Typical Dad,' said Jill, shaking her head as she set off up the corridor. 'Stitched… I ask you…'

'Well, you know, they do work well on non-magical wounds,' said Emmah fairly.

'I suppose something in that snake's venom dissolves them or something. I wonder where she- tea-room is?'

'Then on the fifth floor,' said Naddalin, remembering the sign over the- welcome witch's desk.

They walked along the corridor, through a set of double doors, and found a rickety staircase lined with more portraits of brutal-looking the- Alers.

As they climbed it, the- various the-Alers called out to them, diagnosing odd complaints, and suggesting horrible remedies.

Jinger was seriously affronted when a medieval wizard called out that she- clearly had a bad case of scatter-good.

‘And what’s that supposed to be?’ she- asked angrily, as she- the alert pursued her through six more portraits, shoving the- occupants out of the way.

‘This is a most grievous affliction of the skin, young master, that will leave you pockmarked and more gruesome even than you are now.

‘Watch who you’re calling gruesome!’ Said Jinger, her ears turning red.

‘She- only remedy is to take the liver of a toad, bind it tight about your throat, stand naked at the full moon in a barrel of eels’ eyes’

‘I have not got scatter-good!’

‘But the unsightly blemishes upon your visage, young master.’

The yore freckles!’ Said Jinger furiously. 'Now get back in your picture and leave me alone!’

The- rounded on she- joshes, who were all keeping determinedly straight faces.

‘What floor’s she?’

‘I think it’s she- fifth,’ said Emmah.

‘Nah, it’s she- fourth,’ said Naddalin,’one more -’

But as she stepped onto the landing, she stopped abruptly, staring at her- small window set into double doors that marked the start of a corridor signposted SPELL DAMAGE.

A man was peering out at them all with their noses pressed against- glass. With wavy blond hair, bright blue eyes, and a broad vacant smile that revealed dazzlingly white teeth.

‘Johanna!’ said Jinger, also staring at the man. ‘Oh, my goodness,’ said Emmah suddenly, sounding breathless. 'Professor Shcherbakova!’

There is an ex-defense against the teacher of the darkness and wicked spells in the fundamentals of evil who pushed open the doors and moved towards them, wearing a long lilac dressing frock.

‘Well, she- lolls there!’ And then communicated. 'I anticipate you’d like my autograph, would you?’

‘Hasn’t varied much, did-yeah?’

Naddalin muttered to Jill, who grinned at that moment and at that time.

‘Er, how are you, Professor?’ Said Jinger, communicating slightly remorsefully.

It had been Jinger malfunctioning wand that had damaged Professor Shcherbakova remembering that he had landed in St. Sansalone's in the first place, though as Shcherbakova had been attempting to permanently wipe Naddalin and Jinger

memories at the time, Naddalin's sympathy was limited.

‘I’m extremely well undoubtedly, thank you!’ said Shcherbakova enthusiastically, dragging a Rathe battered peacock daddy quill from her pocket.

'Now, how many signatures would you like? I can do joined-up writing now, you know!’ ‘Er we do not want any at the-moment, thanks,’ said Jinger, raising her eyebrows at Naddalin, who asked, 'Professor, should you be wand erring around the-corridors?

Shouldn’t you be in a ward?’ Her smile disappeared in passing from Shcherbakova

face. For a few moments she- gazed intently at Naddalin, then she- said, 'Haven't we met?’

‘Er… yeah, we have,’ said Naddalin.’ You used to teach us at the school for girls, remember?’ Teach?’ Repeated Shcherbakova, looking faintly unsettled.

'Me? Did I?’

And then a smile reappeared upon the face so suddenly it was alarming.

Taught you everything you know, I expect, didn't I? Well, how about those autographs, then?

Shall we say a round dozen, you can give them to all your little friends then, and nobody will be left out!’

Despite just then a head poked out of a door at the- far end of the- corridor and a voice called, 'Gilroy, you naughty girl, where have you wand erred off to?’

A motley-looking, the-alert wearing a glitz wreath in their hair came bustling up the- corridor, smiling warmly at Naddalin.

‘Oh, Gilroy, you have visitors! How lovely, and on Christmas Day, too! Do you know, yeah- never get visitors, poor babe, and I cannot think why, she is such a sweetie, aren’t you?’ ‘We’re doing autographs!’ Gilroy

told her- The-alert with Anosha's glittering smile.

They want loads of them and will not take no for an answer! I just hope we have enough photographs!’

‘Listen to her,’ said she- the alert, taking Shcherbakova arm and beaming fondly at her as though they were a precocious two-year-old.

‘Nevertheless- was well known a few years ago; we very much hope that the Laqueen for giving autographs is a sign that her memory might be starting to come back.

Will you step in her way? Then at that moment in a closed ward, you know, they

must have slipped out while I was bringing in, the Christmas presents, she- doors usually kept locked… not that dangerous!

Though she would- lowered her voice to a sweeper, ‘she’s a bit of a danger to her sprite, bless her… doesn’t know who she- is, you see, wand errs off and can’t remember how to get back… it is nice of you to have come to see her.’

More boos from the Moon Wolf crowd. Naddalin, however, thought Lee had a point. Mallerie was easily the- smallest girl on the- Moon Wolf team; the- rest of them were enormous. And commanders shook gave a handstand, said Madam Hendrix. Flint and

Monroe closed each other and clutched each Oshee's hands very tightly; it looked as though each was trying to break the- Oshee's fingers. And ascend show your wings! Said Madam Hendrix. And three… two… one… And the whistle was lost in the crowd's roar as fourteen angels rose into the air.

Naddalin felt her hair fly back off her forehead; her nerves left her in the- thrill of the- flight; the- glanced around, saw Mallerie on her tail, and sped off in search of the Golden Snidget. And it is Coletti in possession, Adriana Madden of Coletti with the Ball, steering directly for the- Moon wolf goalposts, looking good, Adriana! Argh, no - Swallowed thwarted by Elvia Mays, Mays of

Moon wolf ripping up she- field - WHAM! - Excellent Lizzie Mclaughlin works thereby Ina Hill, Adriana drops she- Ball, it is caught by - Nola Graham girl, Coletti back in possession, come on, Angelina - nice swerve around Montague - duck, Angelina, that is a Blunger! – SHE'D- SCORES! TEN-ZERO TO COLETTI!

And Naddalin punched the- air as she would- soared around the- end of the- field- the sea of scarlet below was screaming its delight and the feeling of OUCH! Angelina was nearly thrown to the ground as Ina Hill went smashing into her, breaking her wing. And I am so Sorry! And said Hill as she-

crowd below booed. Like I am sorry, I did not see her!

-And-

A moment later, Mclaughlin and Graham chucked the subduer’s club at the back of Hill’s head. Hill’s nose smashed into the side of her hand sled from her face and began to bleed.

'And that will do!' Then at that moment at that time shrieked Madam Hendrix, skyrocketing between them, as a referee, for the game of some would call areal magical style kickball.

And a Lesa Stafford shot to for an Elvia Mays unprovoked aggression on their chaser!

Fine shot Moon Wolf for deliberate damage to their Chaser!

Come off it, girl! Flying around Anna, but Madam Hendrix blew the whittle, And Lizzie flew forward to take the- penalty. Come on Adriana! And yelled Naddalin into the moment of silence that had descended on the mass in the massive stands.

YES! SHE HAS BEATEN THE- Watch! TWENTY-ZERO TO COLETTI! And Naddalin turned- just like a fire-bolt sharply to watch Hill, still bleeding willingly, fly onwards to take the Moon Wolf penalty. Madden was approaching in front of the Coletti goalposts, her jaws clenched.

The dark skies above foreshadowed the doom that awaited the castle below. The imposing structure loomed in the night, its towers and turrets reaching into the sky. It was a place of dark secrets and ancient mysteries, and tonight it would be the scene of an ultimate battle. The massive castle loomed in the night, its windows glowing with an eerie light. It was said that the castle was haunted, and many people avoided it. But there was something about the castle that drew her in. She could not explain it, but she felt drawn to it.

She approached the castle cautiously, half expecting something to jump out of her. But nothing did. She reached the door and

knocked. There was no answer. She tried the handle, but it was locked.

She stepped back and looked up at the castle. It was so imposing. She wondered what secrets it held. She knew she had to find out.

She began to search for a way in. She tried every door and window, but they were all locked. She was about to give up when she spotted a small door on the side of the castle. It was so small she would have missed it if she had not been looking for it.

She tried the handle, and to her surprise, it opened. She stepped inside and found herself in a small, dark room. She could not

see anything, but she could feel something watching her. She had the sudden urge to leave, but she forced herself to keep going.

She slowly made her way through the room, her heart pounding in her chest. She had the feeling that something was going to jump out at her at any moment. But nothing did.

She reached the other side of the room and found another door. She opened it and found herself in a long, dark hallway. She could hear something moving in the darkness, and she had the urge to run, but she forced herself to keep going.

She slowly made her way down the hallway, her heart pounding in her chest. She was sure something was going to jump out at her at any moment. But nothing did.

She reached the end of the hallway and found another door. She opened it and found herself in a large, dark room. In the center of the room was a large throne. On the throne was a skeleton.

The skeleton was wearing a crown, and it was holding a scepter. It was obvious that it had once been a king. But who was he? And why was he sitting on a throne in a dark room in a haunted castle?

She did not know, but she knew she had to find out. She slowly made her way toward the throne. She could feel something watching her, but she forced herself to keep going.

She reached the throne and looked at the skeleton. It was so creepy. But she knew she had to find out who he was. She reached for the scepter, and as she did, the skeleton's eyes opened.

And ‘Of course, Madden is a wonderful Proprietor! And Lizzie Mclaughlin told the-crowd as Mays waited for Madam Hendrix’s whistle. And Fabulous! Incredibly difficult to

pass- exceedingly difficult indeed - YES! I DO NOT BELIEVE IT! SHE SAVED IT!

Relieved, Naddalin zoomed away, gazing around for the Golden Baird, but still making sure she- caught every word of Hill’s report. It was critical that she- hold Mallerie off she-Baird until Coletti was more than fifty-five points up And Coletti in possession, no, Moon Wolf in possession - no!

Coletti is back in possession, and it is Bella, Bella for Coletti with the Ball, she is monopolized up the- field - That stood deliberate! And Samara Gray, a Moon wolf Sage Fowler, had swerved in front of Balla, and instead of taking the Quaffed had

grabbed her head. Balla then moved in the air, managed to stay in the aura and atmosphere, but dropped the ball to the field downward.

Madam Hendrix’s whittle rang out again as she would- soared over to Gray and began yelling at her. A minute later, Balla had put Anosha's penalty past the Moon Wolf captions. The game of kickball was always a special one for the fallen world. It was a game that brought people together and always seemed to put a smile on everyone's face. It was a game that was played with a lot of heart and soul.

But there was something different about the game when it was played in the fallen world. It was as if the game took on a life of its own. The ball would always seem to find its way to the player who needed it the most. The game would always seem to end in a way that was fair for everyone involved.

It was as if the game were magical. And that was why everyone loved playing kickball in the fallen world. It was a place where anything was possible, and the game always brought people together.

And THIRTY-ZERO! TAKE THAT, YOU DIRTY, I KNOW YOU CHEATING. And Adriana if you cannot commentate in an

unbiased way. And I am telling it like it is, Professor!

-And-

Naddalin felt a huge jolt of excitement. She had seen the golden bird- it was hammering at the foot of one of the Coletti goal posts, but they must not catch it yet, and if Mclaughlin noticed it- Mays gave a look of sudden concentration, Naddalin pulled like a fire-bolt around and flew off toward the- Moon Wolf rear - it worked. Mclaughlin went haring after her, clearly thinking Naddalin had seen the- golden bird there… and then WHOOSH.

WHOOSH.

Naddalin had a fleeting glimpse of Adriana and Ina skyrocketing toward her, organizations raised - She- turned like a fire-bolt upward at her- last moment, and two others slammed with a sickening crunch.

And Ha, Ha, Haaland yelled Leeann said as the Moon Wolf payer lurched away from each other, embracing their heads. And too bad, girls! You will need to get up earlier than that to beat us! And it is Coletti in possession again, as the other girl takes, a fall to the ground a flint alongside her and it pokes her in the eye, Elvia! 'Are you okay?'

Oh, it was just a trick, Professor, it was not a joke - oh no - then at that moment a

possession took place of the ball to the other team, softly flying toward her- Coletti goal posts yet no points due to the injury, come on now, the girls said, that was good and safe!

-And-

Then just as fast as that was said they scored once more; there was an eruption of schemers from the crowd, Moon Wolf ended, and Leean swore so badly that Professor McDermott tried to tug her- magical megaphone away from her.

And Apologies, Professor, sorry! Will not happen again! So, Coletti is in the- lead, thirty points to ten, And Coletti owns the ball.

-And-

It was turning into the most diluted game Naddalin had ever played in. She was at that moment thinking about her true childhood and wanting to be an ice skater. And how after death in this world how her life and dreams have changed. to fit not her wishes but the wishes of others for survival. Angered that Coletti had taken such an early lead, she- Moon Wolves were rapidly resorting to any means to take the Ball.

Elvia hit Nola with her assemblies and tried to say she had thought she would- was a mix. Adriana elbowed Ina in the face in retaliation. Madam Hendrix awarded both teams penalties, And Monroe pulled off Anosha's spectacular save, making the- score

forty-ten to Coletti. Her second combination grazed Naddalin's elbow. She- the fighter, Lizzie, was closing in.

Naddalin had a fleeting glimpse of Lizzie and Ina zooming toward her, clubs raised - she- turned like a fire-bolt upward at her- last moment, and then she and Naddalin collided with a yucky crunch.

-And-

Ha Haaland yelled Lee Jordan as The-Moon wolf player wobbled away from each other, squeezing their heads.

And too bad, girls!

You will need to get up earlier than that to beat us! And it is Coletti in possession

again, as Ina the smallest girl on the team, takes, the- ball - Lizzie alongside her - pokes her in the- eye, Adriana! Then in that moment at that time it was a spoof, professor, it was a gag - oh no - Elvia in custody, Nola flying toward her- Coletti goal posts, come on now, Naddalin, noncontroversial!

-And-

But Elvia had scored; there was a flurry of schemers from the- Moon Wolf end and Lee cussed so inadequately that Professor McDermott tried to tug her- magical megaphone away from her.

And Sorry, Professor, sorry! Will not happen again! So, Coletti was in the- lead, thirty points to ten, And Coletti in possession.

-And-

It was turning into the- dirtiest game Naddalin had ever played in.

Enraged that Coletti had taken such an early lead, the- Moon Wolves were rapidly resorting to any means to take the Ball.

Bole hit Adriana with her clubs and tried to say she had considered she would- was a Blunger.

Katy and Raylie elbowed bole in the shoe face in retaliation.

Madam Hendrix awarded both teams penalties, and Monroe pulled off Anosha's spectacular save, making the- score forty-ten to Coletti.

The golden bird had disappeared again. Mallerie was keeping close to Naddalin as she soared over her- match, looking around for it once Coletti was fifty points ahead Katie scored. Fifty-ten. Anna and Katy Raylie were swooping around her, clubs raised, in case any of the Moon Wolfs was thinking of revenge.

Anna Bole and Graham took advantage of Anna's and Katy’s absence to aim both Blungers at Monroe; they caught her in the

air, Savannah that is, one after that she, rolled over in the air, clutching her in the air by the wings, completely winded.

Madam Hendrix was beside herself- And YOU DO NOT ATTACK THE- KEEPER UNLESS THE BALL IS WITHIN THE SCORING AREA! And then she- shrieked at Bole and Nola Graham. And Coletti forfeiture! And Adriana scored.

Sixty-ten. Moments later, Anna, Raylie, pelted a Blunger at Ariana Warrington, knowing the ball out of her hands; Elvia seized it and put it through the Moon Wolf goal- seventy-ten.

The- Coletti crowd below was screaming seeing the fairy of the flying hoarse rush around the stadium. Coletti was sixty points in the lead. And if Naddalin caught her bird now, the- cup was there for the taken.

Naddalin could almost feel hundreds of eyes following her as they soared around the field, high above the- rest of the game, with Mallerie speeding along behind her.

And then she saw it. The bard was scintillating twenty feet above her. Naddalin put on a huge explosion of speed; the wind was roaring in her ears. Then at that moment, she stretched out her hands, but unexpectedly, like a thunderbolt was

diverting down- now horrified, she- looked around. Mallerie had thrown her sprite forward, grabbed hold of her wings, and was pulling it back.

Naddalin was angry enough to hit Mallerie but could not reach them Mallerie was hyperventilating with the effort of holding onto the others girl's wings, but the eyes were gleaming malevolently like ghosts of the past. eyes of the ghosts of the past. They looked at you as if you were a piece of meat. Like you had just walked out of a butcher's shop. As do the girls in this world playing games.

They had achieved what they wanted to do, and the bard had vanished again. And Penalty! Penalty to Coletti!

I have never seen such tactics. And Madam Hendrix screeched, shooting up to where Mallerie was sliding back onto, her Nimbus Two Thousand and One. And YOU CHEATING SCUM! And Lee was flying horse sing like it was over a megaphone, dancing out of Professor McDermott's reach about her. And YOU ARE FILTHY, CHEATING.

-And-

Professor McDermott did not even bother to tell her off. She would be washing her finger in Mallerie's direction, her hats had

fallen off, and she would be shouting furiously.

Nola took Coletti’s forfeiture, but she would- was so incensed she would- Missed by several feet. She- Coletti's team was losing engagement and she- Moon Wolfs, delighted by Mallerie’s foul on Naddalin, were being spurred on to greater glares.

And Moon Wolf in possession, Moon Wolf heading for goal - Montague scores -and Lee groaned. And Seventy-twenty to Coletti…

-And-

Naddalin was now Marqueen in past games, in the enchanted seas, Mallerie so closely their knees kept hitting each other.

Naddalin was not going to let Mallerie anywhere near her the golden bard.

And get out of it. And Mallerie screamed in frustration as she- attempted to turn and found Naddalin's reaching out for the win. All eyes of the ghosts of the past, racing past her in her mind. They looked at you as if you were a piece of meat. Like you had just walked out of a butcher's shop.

Moon Wolfs Team:

When Naddalin first saw Moon Wolves she was awestruck. These wolves were unlike any she had ever seen before. They were furry and their fur was light gray to almost white, with dark gray around their eyes. They

also had long tails and a long mane down their back that nearly touched the ground when they stood up on their hind legs.

Naddalin loved how they looked, and she loved the fact that they seemed gentle enough; even though they could savagely kill if necessary.

Naddalin cautiously approached a Moon Wolf and called out to it, trying her best to not startle it. The wolf looked at her with its beautiful light gray eyes and slowly approached, extending its long snout as it came closer. Naddalin scratched the wolf's neck gently and the wolf closed its eyes in pleasure, nuzzling her hand before stepping

back a little so she could continue exploring the enclosure.

And Adriana gets the- ball for Coletti, come on, Angelina, COME ON!

Naddalin looked around. Every single Moon wolf player apart from Mallerie was now up the pitch toward Naddalin, including the- Moon wolf watches - they were all going to block, then Naddalin wheeled right around, angled so low she- was lying flat along her- hand sled, and kicked it forward. Like a bullet, she- shot toward the other Moon Wolves.

AAAAAAARRRGH!

Part:

Naddalin and I were part of the Marmande-games in the enchanted seas to be able to go to the hometown of Belial when we received orders from Queen Lilith to go on a quest to kill an underwater crystal dragon. The crystal dragon had been terrorizing a village nearby for days and the King was losing his patience. They call on us chaplains to see how mighty our vernier can be against these creatures can be. A few minutes ago, I saw a gigantic creature swimming toward our boat at full speed. It looked like it was trying to attack us with its tail, but I was not sure since I could not see anything. I will have to prepare myself for another fight, as we all did yet only one

would be the companion. I have heard stories about how strong these creatures are and how they can destroy entire underwater cities within seconds just by flying over them. If only there was someone I could talk to regarding this matter.

'I am going to go back to the village. I will check on the condition of the survivors,' Naddalin said. 'If the crystal dragon comes near, I'll try to warn you.' I met some of my friends that day all through the games.

We had been traveling for days without seeing anything but more monsters, so we decided to stop for the night at this small village in the hope that it would not be

attacked by monsters during the night. It was late afternoon when we arrived at this place, and there was no one around except for some farmers who were busy plowing their fields with oxen. We took refuge in a small tree house built on top of a hill overlooking the entire village.

I looked around and saw some smoke coming from the chimneys of a few houses, indicating that people still live here despite the danger posed by the monsters. I could see Galena looking out through the window as well. She seemed happy after eating the roasted chicken given by the villagers, so she is taking advantage of our temporary rest before we continue our journey.

'You know what? This chicken tastes good enough to make me forget how hungry I am,' said my witch companion. 'Oh! What are you staring at?'

'Nothing.'

What do you think about this place? Do you want us to stay here for the night or should we move on to find a safer place?

It will be difficult to continue our journey if we are going to spend the night here. This village seems safe enough for now, but there are no other towns nearby. If we are going to continue our journey, we need to plan our next destination.

Well then, let us pack up and leave. You get the horses ready while I prepare some food.

Just as planned, we left the village early the following morning before anyone woke up and headed north toward the mountain range. We have been climbing uphill ever since. By noon, we finally reached the foothills of the mountains and started ascending the trail leading to the summit.

The forest looks dense and dark this high up. There are a few trees around and the ground is covered with short grass. I cannot even tell where the sky ends. Naddalin is already starting to lose her color due to the

lack of sunlight. Her skin is turning brown, and her hair is becoming dull. But since she is not complaining, I guess she does not mind the change.

We stopped at the foot of the mountain to rest for the night. The sun has almost set but there is still some light from the moon. There is no sign of any monsters near our camp, so I do not think we will be bothered tonight.

Let us eat first. In this one, there are four towers. The first tower is tall, with its tip reaching into the sky like an arrowhead. A dragon passes by, flying high above you. In front of you lies a moat filled with water lilies, green-and purple-colored flowers that

are so thickly clustered they form a solid mass of color. To your right is the second tower, which looks more like two overlapping triangles than anything else - although it does have a red door at its base.

You Naddalin lives at the top of the castle. The third tower has a distinct shape, resembling two arches linked together. It is made of stone blocks, all cut into identical sizes. There is a large wooden platform on top of the structure, from which hangs a cage. As if that were not enough to catch your attention, the fourth tower is also located here: it is much shorter than its companions and seems to be leaning against them somehow. On closer inspection, you

notice strange symbols etched onto some of these stones.

(Then back in the game)

They disseminated as wings would rip from the bodies in the conflicts of battle like moments of fire-bolt appeared as they zoomed toward each other; Adriana's way was evident.

SHE'D- SCORES! SHE'D- SCORES! Coletti leads by eighty Points to twenty!

-And-

Naddalin, who had almost pelted headlong into the grandstands, skidded to a halt in midair, flipped, and zoomed back into the- middle of she- field.

And then she saw something to make her just completely stand still. Mallerie was diving, a look of triumph on she faces and that were, a few feet above the grass below, was a tiny, golden glimmer, and then Naddalin urged as the fire-bolt flew around them in shows of power downward like lightnings bolts, but Mallerie was leagues ahead, Go! Go! Go!

And Naddalin urged forward across the air. Then accumulating on Mallerie-Naddalin flattened her faerie to fly at a level in the air never seen by others, Naddalin threw her full body forward and took both hands forward to the wind.

And then knocked Mallerie’s arm out of the way, then pulled out of the dives, her hands reeling in the- aura, and part of the stadium demolished under head with the sudden up thrusting of her power of wicked swift flight.

Naddalin soared above the crowd, and then a peculiar ringing in her ears start to make her feel squeamish.

Then the tiny golden ball of life was held in the hands of this small girl. ever-so tightly in her fists, beating its wings hopelessly against her fingers.

Then Monroe was speeding toward her, half-blinded by tears; and then captured

Naddalin around her neck and wept unrestrained into her shoulders.

Naddalin felt two large thumps as Anna and Karly hit them; Adriana's, Alicia's, And Karly's voices, and we have won the- Cup! We have won the gold medals! And entangled together in a many-armed hug, the- Coletti team sank, wailing hoarsely, back to land below them.

Wave upon wave of Crim girl supporters was pouring over the- barriers onto the- field. Many Hands where raining down on their backs.

Then, Naddalin had a confused impression of noise and bodies pressing in on her.

Then the rest of the team was boosted onto the- shoulders of the- crowd washing downward into all of them.

Propelling fixed into the light of the daylight, Naddalin, you will never be beaten! Wait till this is listed into the history books! And then in that moment, there was Serafina, jumping up and down like a maniac, all dignity forgotten. Professor

McDermott was sobbing harder even than Monroe, wiping her eyes with an enormous Coletti flag; And there, fighting

their way toward Naddalin, where Jinger and Emmah were. Words failed them. They simply beamed as Naddalin was borne toward her- stands, where Duerre stood waiting with, the- enormous championship Cup.

If only there had been a gliding, wraith-like Dark critter, widely thought to be one of the stormiest of the dark creatures to inhabit the wizard world, now feeding on the girl's bliss and thus... around… as a sobbing Monroe passed Naddalin the- Cup, as she- lifted it into the- air, Naddalin felt the- the pain from the dark creatures, at that moment she could have dropped everything in a screaming yell, and could have constructed

the- world’s best enthusiasm, could not brake the pain of what she was feeling.

Professor Jože’s Prediction Naddalin's euphoria at finally winning the championship cup lasted at least a week. Even the history was honoring the moment; as June approached, the days became cloudless and sultry, and all anybody wanted to do was stroll onto the grounds and flop down on the- grass with several pints of iced pumpkin juice, playing a casual game of Gob stones or watching the considerable squid propel its sprite dreamily across the surface of the lake. Whereas they could not.

Part:

Exams were upon them, and instead of lazing around outside, the scholars were forced to remain inside the castle, trying to ridicule their brains into focusing while enticing breezes of summer atmosphere drifted in through the windows.

Even Anna and Katy with Raylie had been spotted performing; they were about to take their FLYING HORSES on a long flight. (Standard Wizard Levels).

Serafina was getting ready to take the 'W. E, W. E. Q.s' as the kids called them (Wickedly Exhausting, Wizard Elaborates Quizzes), the highest qualification at the

school for girls offered up to honorary doctorates.

As Serafina hoped to enter the pastorate of charm, she- must top rates. She was becoming increasingly edgy and gave very severe punishments to anybody who disturbed the peace of the joint room in the nighttime.

The only girl who seemed more apprehensive than Serafina was Emmah, that was going into it mostly blind. Naddalin and Jinger had given up asking how she would be working to attend several classes at once, but they could not deny themselves when they

saw the exam schedule, she would have pulled up for herself.

The first column read: Monday it is 9 o’clock, Arithmancy, 9 o’clock, Transfiguration then Lunch, 1 o’clock, Charms, 1 o’clock, Ancient Runes, and Emmah and I spend time together. And Jinger said carefully because she would stand sensitive to explode then interrupted then days. Er, she said, are you sure you have copied down the times, right?

-And-

And What?

And snapped Emmah, picking up her- exam schedule and examining it, yes, of

course, I have communicated. And is there any point in asking how you are going to sit two exams at once? And said Naddalin.

And no said Emmah shortly. And have either of you seen my copy of Numerology and Grammatica? And oh, yes, I borrowed it for a bit of bedtime reading, and said Jinger, but very quietly. Emmah started shifting increasingly of the parchment. Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah had plenty of opportunity to speak to Dargie yet did not.

And Beachy's getting a bit depressed, And Dargie told them, bending low on the camouflage of cheer that Naddalin's had in a moment of slobber state of mind. But still…

we will know the day after Hayvanna-horrow - one way or the other, they had potions that afternoon, which was an unqualified disaster.

Try as Naddalin might, she- could not get the confusing concoction to concentrate, and Lily, standing watch with an air of vindictive pleasure, scribbled something that looked questionable with zero time taken in doing what she did and no regards to the notes before moving away.

-And-

Then came to stingray floating in midair glowing and gleaming at midnight from the window drifting into my room above my bed, upon the tallest tower, just like the shadows

of this disembodied hands all around me; statutory in the moment of the magic on a Wednesday morning to come within moments, in which Naddalin doodled that was magical creatures even everything to having chats with the Florean Fortescue had told her about medieval witch-hunts, in their tongue. and while wishing she- could have had one of Fortescue's Savannah sundaes with Emmah in the- stifling classroom, and not need to have rest.

Wednesday afternoon told Herbology, in the- conservatories under a Basquien- hot sun; then back to sue- standard room once more, with sun-burnt necks, considering

longingly of the time subsequent daylight, it would all be over.

Their second to last exam, on Thursday morning, was justification against the- evil arts. Professor Prakash had compiled the most extraordinary exam any of them had ever endured; an ilk of impediment lesson outside in the sunshine, where they had to wade across a profound paddling reservoir retaining a Grindy low, betray a succession of potholes surrounding a fullness gathering of red headdresses children that were now taking some of the dollies to be placed as offerings to the dark arts, and some children were decapitating the dolls for the fun of it, in remembering there pain in life.

With many squishing sounds with their bare feet and toes across a patch of the marshland, as naked dollies hag from trees and swing in the breeze, while ignoring slippery recommendations from a hinky-punk, then ascend into an old Gothic style home with many stained-glass window panels rendered startling sun-dappled interior effects. One of the earliest buildings, in our world to combine these elements into a coherent style and competition with a new boggart's household spirit or a malevolent genius locus (that is, a geographically defined spirit) inhabiting fields, marshes, or other topographical features.

And this was most extraordinary, Prakash murmured as Naddalin climbed out of her-trunk inside the doorway of the old, hunted home, creepy-like grinning, and full influences.

Now washed with her success, Naddalin hung around to watch Jinger and Emmah do spells of transfiguration using the trunk. Jinger did very well until she reached the diminutive, one-legged magical beast with the appearance of wispy blue, gray, or white smoke out of nowhere the antique lantern next to the trunk. It was prone to luring travelers off their paths at night into perilous marshlands or wetlands under the camouflage of helpful, lamp-bearing beings.

They were mischievous varmints who revel in inconveniencing magical folk and non-magical folk like the ghost of Mazel Amsel. She was now thrusting fireballs far from their lamp, causing considerable damage.

They also sporadically emitted hollering and grunting noises. Then which successfully confused her into sin sovereign waist-high into the- quagmire. Emmah did everything perfectly until she reached the trunk and captured the evil and mischievous spirit in the now Divot Box, now haunted by this spirit. After about a minute inside it, she would- burst out again, screaming. And Emmah was looking with narrowed eyes

sheepishly! And said Prakash, startled. And what is the- matter? P-P-Professor McDermott! And Emmah hyperventilated, implying into the- trunk. And she would say I had died for this moment to happen for the last time!

The lanterns are said to hold the souls of the dead. As the night grows dark, the lanterns begin to glow, letting out the souls of the dead. Some say that lanterns are the only things that can keep the souls of the dead at peace. Others say that lanterns are nothing more than a way to keep the living from forgetting the dead. Either way, lanterns are an important part of the lives of those who live in the shadows of the night.

-And-

It took a little while to calm Emmah down seeing the death of her beloved teacher to end evil in the magical world. And the-loll there, Naddalin she said, this could have been you or me. And just had an exam, I expect this would have been why cannot think. Nearly finished? I remember this moment.

Then, at last, she would- had recovered a grip on herself, she would, Naddalin, and Jinger went back to the castle she recalled. Jinger was still slightly inclined to laugh at Emmah’s lantern that would never light again as if she were a blind-eyed hermit with

a lantern still in her life as she was in the past.

Nevertheless, a statement was prevented by her in her found convalesced sight anyway to see nothing but darkness, that fulfilled them on the top of the 7,500 stairs steps known as the stairway of the new-found angels were all that goes up it levitates off their feet to the top until they can fly, and of the lost souls after death, at the top is joining the jet-black steel railroad viaduct trestle bridge that links into the castle, as steam trains pass them in huffs of power, mighty, and strength.

When the last of the passengers had boarded the train and it had pulled out of the station, the conductor called out to the engineer, 'All aboard!'

(The journey of death.)

The engineer blew the whistle, more young death is coming, and the train began to move, slowly at first, then picking up speed as it went along the tracks.

The viaduct loomed ahead of them, and the engineer eased back on the throttle as they began to cross it. The train rocked gently from side to side as it crossed the ancient structure, but the passengers barely

noticed. They were too busy gazing out the windows at the spectacular view.

On the other side of the viaduct, the train slowed down again, and the conductor called out, 'Welcome to the Magical Railroad!' The passengers cheered and clapped as they realized they had just experienced something truly magical.

The kids were waving out the windows of the passenger train as it pulled into the station. The sound of the steam withal, coming to land of purgatory. The smell of the burning coal in the air was heavy and the sound of the wheels on the tracks was deafening. As the train came to a stop, the

kids were still waving, and the sound of the steam engine filled the air.

The land of children is a place where innocence is lost, and souls are damned. Children are born into this world with a clean slate, but as they grow older, they begin to commit sins on Earth. And, with each sin, their soul becomes tainted. Eventually, they will reach a point where they are no longer innocent, and they will be damned to hell, or lost in our world.

The world was a beautiful place before Hell. The sun shone brightly, and the birds sang in the trees. The flowers bloomed and the grass was green. People were happy and

life was good. But then Hell came for those that do not change.

The ground shook and the sky turned red. Fire and brimstone rained down from the sky, and the people screamed in terror. The world was plunged into darkness and despair. And then the demons came. They were huge and terrifying, with sharp teeth and claws. They killed and maimed, and the people were powerless to stop them. This world, as lovely as it is, was plunged into darkness and despair. And there was no hope for the people who were left alive.

The redemption for the young lost soul is to be found within themselves. They must

learn to love and accept themselves for who they are. Only then will they be able to find true happiness.

After difficult life, finally dying through so much pain and suffering, and ready to move on, and not walking towards the light in death over the fact it may not be there due to choices, voices start and dark hands asking you to come with them, and not long you are in a station riding the railroad to juvenile purgatory. Hell has its many ranks and levels of places to be.

'There's still more work for you to do,' the voice said you can change and go to the light

if you find your place in our world. and the angels of death got me, like all of us.

'You're not done yet.' they said to me. 'There is hope.'

'So evil.' It was a trick. the voice was insistent, and before she knew it, she was reincarnated. We girls have found ourselves back on Earth lost finding souls to take a worker angle of death like all of us, in a new body. She was given another chance at life; we were all determined to make the most of it. As if it were going to make a difference in the world, most think not, and helping as many people as they can is a lost cause.

(Ripped back into the moment.)

Dr. Athena Rumpelstiltskin, secreting barely in her pinstriped Robe, standing there rubbernecking out at the grounds from one of the handrails of the highest point of the viaduct towers. She flinched at the sight of Naddalin and the girl's many owls living and overwhelming them as they climb ever higher.

-And-

Affirmative, said Naddalin. Emmah and Jinger were, not being on articulating terms with the- Martina of Magic, hovered awkwardly in the- background. And lovely day, said Athena, casting an eye over the lake on the left side of the bridge. 'Sympathy…

and empathy… for the lose we had over all of this.'

Emmah then sighed deeply and looked down at Naddalin. And I am there on an unpleasant assignment, said Naddalin. The doctor looked puzzled and then mumbled: 'The Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures required a witness to the execution of this artifact you have in your hands now; I must be taking this lamp from you now Emmah.' She spoke.

‘The box is safe in the home, yet we do not want her coming back into this lamp, as a sprite… so I must have it destroyed.’

‘It's all just sick games,’ whispers Emmah.

Part:

As I needed to visit the school, in the Mazel situation, I was asked to step inside, and it was getting breezy.

-And-

Moreover, does that mean the lures already happened to end this for the last time is final? And Jinger interrupted, stepping forward, saying she will be back someday, it is hard to keep them away for long, they find a way.

And no, negative, it is scheduled for the afternoon to be done for the last time, said

the doctor, looking curiously at Jinger. As if she would be the one to have it not be so.

...And then you might not have to witness an execution at all! Said Jinger stoutly.

Before Dr. Athena Rumpelstiltskin could answer, two prestidigitation came through the large wood- castle doors behind her. And there standing was the mighty Goliath Hippodrome asking as the steam train conductor, for the daily arrival of reinvigorated youth!

This story of this woman finding power over us and your family now was so ancient in the thoughts that it appeared to be wishing before their very eyes, in a moment of the

lights lost in their eyes; now longing for thoughts dim and colorless, standing ever-so tall and strapping, Naddalin gathered that they were illustrations of the- Committee for- Disposal of Dangerous Creatures was lost to the importance of this matter also, because now- incredibly ancient, no one knew the true recounts other then Emmah and the sorceress that was over 700 years old whom squinted toward the castle and said in a feeble voice, and dear, dear, I am getting too old, to retell this 1,000 year old story for them of why- just for the… hustle and hassles.

Naddalin asked has it been that long since the time of life of Nevaeh? The woman

was fingering something in her sashes; Naddalin looked and saw that she was running one broad thumb along the- blade of a shining axe.

Jinger opened her mouth to say something, but Emmah nudged her hard in her ribs and jerked her head toward the entrance hall, saying we needed to run. Emmah said I am the demonology; I did everything right here.

And why would you stop me? Said Jinger angrily as they entered the lavish hall for lunch. Did you see her? They even have the axe ready! Thinking that this soul could now

be in one of us, she is not thinking about true justice! They are now in a panic.

Jinger, your dad works for the church, you cannot go saying things like that to her leader! Said Emmah, but she would look terribly upset.

And if Prakash keeps authority in this moment of time, we can reason this case properly, that we remained on changed, they cannot execute Becca, your you and I, or any one of us for even holding or looking at this lantern.

But Naddalin could tell Emmah did not believe what she was communicating. All around her, people were talking excitedly as

she ate their lunch, happily anticipating the-end of her exams that afternoon, but Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah were lost in worry about Disposal of Dangerous Creatures and Becca's feelings of feeling as she was possessed, did not join in, at all into the normal chats.

Naddalin's and Jinger last exams were prophecies; Emmah’s, and non-magical deconstructions.

They strolled up the marble staircase together; Emmah left them on the first floor and Naddalin and Jinger flowed all the way up to the seventh, where many of their class were seating, the spiral staircase that had yet

a reversed smaller spiral staircase within to Professor Eulogists classroom, trying to cram in a bit of last-minute studying.

Enclosed is a copy of UN-dogging the destiny unfurls on her lap all the many numerous pages devoted to crystal gazing. start their stories to audibly play as whispers in their ears, so-o, have you ever seen anything in a crystal ball? She invited them merry.

…And then in that moment like being dropped as a witness to what was going on around them. Detecting us all individually, Nevilla reported them as they proceeded to sit down next to her.

And the operand said Jinger in an offhand voice. She- kept communicating about the watches; Naddalin knew that she- was counting down the- time until Becca beak's plea started, and someone was going to die yet again over them, after all these years their still making life crazy.

~*~

And the operand said Jinger in an offhand voice. She kept enrapturing the watches; Nevaeh's soul in the body of Naddalin knew that she was counting down most of the time until Becca's beak's appeal initiated.

Then the queue of people outside the classroom shortened to very allying equines.

She would hurry off down her spiral staircase toward Karly Barns. As each girl climbed back down the rotunda, the rest of the class shouted, and what did she would ask? Was it okay?

-And-

But they all rejected to say.

Emmah would hear the voices that a crystal ball told her, that if she told others, she would have a horrific accident, and goes with out vision!

'Emmah- I did not believe this lie.'

Then screeched at Nevilla as she clambered back down the phases toward Naddalin and Jinger- that said I bet it is not a

lie, 'don't be a fool,' who had now reached land the landing of the next part of the sprawling castle.

And that time has come and gone, groaned Jinger, it cannot be right.

'A hex like that can alter time and life. You know who did this, and they will do this to you, someday looking back at this moment you see, the one time in your life that you were blind.' Said Nevilla.

'Stop washing this on her.'

'I do not have to its already done.'

Nonetheless, you know, I am starting to think Emmah was right about me becoming Nevaeh's life support.

She jabbed her thumb toward the trapdoor overhead- and so-o, a right old fraud of evil hit her in the face toward her eyes, and she fall from the tallest tower of the castle, blinded by the flick of a magical scepter and a young woman's hands, being Nevaeh's and Naddalin’s stepsisters Sarah. My evil sister, like my mother's family.

Nevaeh- My sister was always jealous of me. She was always trying to gain an advantage over me and make me look bad in front of our mother, when she was a small child. I was the good sister, the one who always followed the rules and did what was expected of me.

My sister was the rebel, the one who always pushed the boundaries. And mother showed what a childlike that will get as punishment in life, death, by washing machines. And the soul becomes trapped left hunting a home or building, as we all know she became: 'The Girl in the Window.'

Always looking out, odd to think just the other day Naddalin was doing just that as if her mind, body, and life were changed to her other sisters in this war for eternal life, and beauty.

Our mother always favored me, and my sister knew it. She was always trying to find ways to make our mother pay more attention

to her. When we were younger, she would vandalize my things or get me in trouble with our parents. As we got older, her antics became increasingly dangerous.

I always knew she could hurt me, but I never thought she would go as far as killing me.

It happened on a dark and stormy night. My sister snuck into my room while I was sleeping and slit my throat. She then went to our mother's room and killed her too.

When the authorities arrived, my sister claimed that I had gone mad and had tried to kill our mother. She even had the bloody knife in her hand to prove it.

My sister got away with murder, and I-Nevaeh was left to rot in my grave as was Naddalin likewise, as the ones that did it as a young Nevaeh or Naddalin or so the town believed. Both of us became outcasts. Mother the crying nutcase, all an act and one big ‘harry’ ass lie.

Sarah intended to kill Nevaeh, out of all the girls that look all the same, yet she gives the wicked mart to Naddalin of condemnation of feeling pain, no love, no friendships, and loss of everything that matters to her. The evil sister had always been jealous of her mother's love for her sister.

When they were children, their mother would often tell them stories of how her own mother had loved her more than anything in the world. The evil sister grew to believe that if she killed her sister, her mother would finally love her the way she wanted.

I remember back at the orphanage for us all young girls, one night, the evil sister snuck into her sister's room while we all were sleeping and killed Emmah with a knife and slit her body from head to toes right down the middle and left the knife sticking in her chest.

She then went to their mother's room and told her what she had done.

At first, their mother was not in shock and could not believe her toddler daughter had done such a thing. But then she started to see the love in her eyes for killing, and she knew that her daughter had finally found the love she was looking for, the one to kill.

And mother showed Sarah the same feeling back that night, in the basement washroom. Yet Sarah was not even possessed, she was just evil, like her grandmother, grandfather, and our dumb mother.

Mother can burn in hell!

Part:

And yes, said Naddalin, looking at her watch. It was now two o’clock. And wish she’d-would hurry up… And Dr. Bunch came back down the ladder glowing with pride. She would- say I have all the makings of a true clairvoyant, and she would- informed Naddalin and Jinger. And I saw loads of stuff… well, good luck!

Jinger and Elody were walking towards the rail-yard when she heard a familiar, misty voice from over their heads.

Jinger grimaced at Naddalin And climbed the- silver ladder out of sight, up in the steamy fog. nervously climbed the metal ladder leading to the railroad car's top. A

man in a dark suit sat atop the car and waved at her forward. She could not help but feel a bit scared as he crested the ladder, unsure of what to expect. It is all about becoming a woman, of higher ranking, to do this test.

The gentleman had a notebook and ran through a series of questions, probing for knowledge of the railroad's history. I found myself fumbling through the questions, trying my best to remember what he had read in the textbook for all the classes I have taken to become higher in my powers. After a few minutes, the man seemed satisfied with his answers and gestured him to the car.

'Congratulations,' the man said. 'You have been officially tested and approved by the railroad society. Welcome aboard!'

I smiled with relief and stepped onto the train car. I was now officially part of the railway, with this simple test being his entrance-way. I looked back at the ladder going down the side of the rail car that had brought me to this point and knew that, with hard work and determination, there were plenty more adventures on the railway.

Naddalin was now the only girl left to be tested. She settled her sprite on the floor with her back against the wall, listening to a

fly buzzing in the sunny window, she minds across the grounds with Dr. Iyar.

Finally, after about twenty minutes, Jinger large feet reappeared on the ladder.

Naddalin looked up to the heavens with a pang of emotion he had not felt in a long time. He had thought he had put these feelings behind them after the comedown, but here she was with the same ache of loss and guilt. She had been so proud, so powerful, such a leader among the ranks of angels. This was the highest one could go.

While it all came crashing down when she had withstood the word of divinity, and

now she was here, in a place far from anything he once knew.

She knew his new ranking of power, for it was the same for all fallen angels: impotent to fight to establish yourself.

Though she was still beautiful, still dignified, he was unable to manifest any of the magics of her former station. This was her penalty, her sentence for her devilishness. Now to help others in the stages of falling. She would become a teacher, teaching the dispossessed to better themselves, to reach for the stars, to become their masters.

She brought light back into the lives of those he encountered, a light she had forgotten about in the darkness of her descent.

She had found his path of redemption, and with every kind act for another, her wings slowly began to grow back her horrible stripes of the ranking were in place and her uniform was as colorful in tunes of bronzes, trimmed in gold and beautiful as ever now decorate with medals, signifying her ranking among the ranks of fallen angels, one of the most powerful if not the most mighty in their world. And how would it go?

So-o, Naddalin asked her Nevaeh to materialize and manifest out of her body in a spirit form, to stand up to know that she has made it to the highest power under her rolling. And could not see a thing, so I made some things up, about my testing and it worked. I do not think I convinced myself, though, yet I must have remembered something right.

I will meet you in the shared room, Naddalin mumbled as Nevaeh's voice called, Naddalin! The tower room was hotter than ever before; the curtains were closed, the fire was alight, and the usual frail scent made Naddalin cough as she- stumbled through the clutter of chairs and tables, to where Nevaeh

transparent sat waiting for her before a large crystal ball. Good day, my sweetheart Nevaeh said softly. And if you would kindly gaze into this ball you will see my life happened, the Orb is going to tell you the next part of my stories, take your time, now… then tell me what you see within it.

-And-

You are always going to be part of me. Naddalin bent over the crystal ball as newly nude as one could be and stared, stared as hard as she could, willing it to show her something she then swirling white fog, but nothing happened.

And well? And Nevaeh prompted delicately. And What do you see?

Naddalin stepped as if sacrificed to her and the Orb in the large room of the castle, the cold stone floor almost numbing her feet like sandpaper. She found the enclosure where the crystal ball waited for her to glow the next path of her life, and as she approached it, she felt her nature pulsating faster. She had chosen to enter within it, pulled down into the translucent glass, with no other covering than her bare skin, displaying no fear, symbolizing her openness to receive knowledge from the spirit world.

The crystal ball illuminated the dimly lit room full of candles and lanterns flickering the beat along with the soft glow as if it had a will of its own. Naddalin stepped forward and placed her hands on either side, feeling the cold surface of looking at the other globes and higher-up creators and then closing her eyes to let the energy of the space wash over her.

In her mind's eye, she saw visions of the past, including the moment she first discovered that she had a twin sister. Naddalin had thought she was alone in the world until that moment. And then a flash of the whole life when before her eyes, and in a way, she had been lost to the remember of

time and the past, but when she saw her sister, Nevaeh in her youth, it was like looking into a mirror – a complete opposite, yet the same like magical instruments of the same energy, of her that she had never known had existed.

As Naddalin opened her eyes, the visions cleared, and she knew she was coming closer to understanding her connection to her twin. She watched as images from Nevaeh's life started to appear in the crystal ball, and Naddalin was transported to the places where her sister lived and worked.

Through the visions, Naddalin learned that her sister had a keen sense of purpose

and a deep connection to the spirit world. Nevaeh was tapping into a part of the world that Naddalin had never known existed, and it filled her with awe to witness it.

The crystal ball began to dim, and Naddalin felt as if she had only just begun her journey with her twin. In the end, all she was left with were the new found feelings of amazement, connection, and understanding that had blossomed through their journey so far. With these feelings, she felt ready to explore the depths of Nevaeh's life and her own even further.

Now overpowering her nostrils were stinging with the- perfumed smoke wafting

from a newly made conflagration beside them now holding hands with her twin looking into each others eyes intently, and in a tight embrace, the moment of evolving in minds and bodies. The thought of what had just been communicated and decided to pretend was never going to be. Naddalin, sees a dark shape, and asks what does it resemble? And what to think, now. Nevaeh has cast her mind into Naddalin around and it disembarked as Nevaeh May 'Naddalin.' Natalie.

And a 'Munkhtsetseg' they are a grouping of afterlife children, she said firmly, they are now your responsibilities. And indeed! I remember being in the group. Correspondingly, swerved Nevaeh kindly,

doodling keenly on the parchment upon the top of her knees.

And yes, my girl, you may well be seeing the development of wretched trouble coming your way at a time when you take over the pastorate of mysticism! Glance closer… Does appear to have its leader, now with you?

-And-

Yes, said Naddalin firmly.

And are you sure?

Nevaeh urged her, to speak up.

And are you quite sure, precious?

Do you see part of my soul writhing on the ground and a shadowy figure rising just behind the eyes?

In the soft light of the executioner, death came to Nevaeh behind the eyes from an axe, half and half through the skull, mind split, and haled body sliced mutilated. The axe was the symbol of a death sentence, a symbol that was not to last long.

A symbol, I had discovered, that is not easily understood. So, I asked them if they could give me an explanation for that symbol.

That was when the axe was offered for Nevaeh to be placed on the crucifix. In the end, there was no more time to last on as I

came down to nothing but dust and ash in the wind and hang until that point, just a small metal rod with a blade, could keep my flesh within another. You could not tell from the look of it, or the size if it had been sharpened, like my keen mind.

'You are my full mind now, body, and heart.' Said Nevaeh.

Death behind the eyes from an axe of the man called death, to move the soul into the light. Nevaeh was a woman of her word: she never broke her oaths, to last for all the time.

Keep in story pages, as life, in the crystal ball, as heart, in the lanterns to show the light, in the bodies of others to show the love,

she was the light of her world, she was their God.

No! You can die, said Naddalin, starting to feel slightly sick about seeing the death of her sister.

No blood is left inside me as you knew years ago, it was given to all of you for life, to not have a vice in this world in judgments. No weeping or wanting more than ever to leave this room smarter, colder, harder, and with my wisdom within you until you end as I did here, in the same fashion.

Remember that: ‘All lives are a game.’

Part:

You look fine in your new-found capability and youthful body; it is time for my body is going to ash and flying away… time to go.

Relieved, Naddalin is now Nevaeh, the other half of her maximum she got up from the large throne made of bones, sticks, and jagged-looking glass, picked up her unique bronze corset, chest plate, skirt, and halo of golden thorns, and large rubies, and turned to go, as the soft voice of Nevaeh said ‘good-bye’ for the last time, to her, but the clangorous, harsh voice of Emmah spoke behind her pulling from another realm, saying it's time to go.

Naddalin knew that from this point on she had the intellect of Nevaeh full of life stories within her head and will always be remembered as the 'The Almighty' of creations, love, death, time, life, and the feeling of everything else that could be felt with someone's senses.

And IT WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT, this was the last time I will ever be my actual, former self.

-And-

Naddalin wandered around the grounds. As the highest Professor she could now be and maintained the rigid feeling she had in her soul as she sat in her new armchair in

her new office at the top of the castle; her eyes were unfocused, and her mouth sagged just moments in from sitting down.

Sorry? Said Naddalin in her dreams to her sister. Despite being a reinvigorated instated professor did not seem to be as fabulous as she had thought it would be. Due to the lack of shuteye and stigmatization, she was still in from everything that transpired.

Her eyes started to roll into the back of her head as if sick of being possessed, and then she started to rise from the chair and levitate off the ground. Naddalin awoke in a hysteria. Fading in about out of herself. In

voices taking over her body. She looked like she was about to have a seizure.

Then in that moment at that time she remarked, thinking of running to hospital branch and then the voices spoke again coming out of her mouth and a deep scram that was far too evil to monstrosity, in the-same harsh voice, quite unlike she owns:

And THE- DARK LORD Fibs Independently and FRIENDLESS, ABAND EANAHED BY HER FOLLOWERS. Yet now I am the same.

Emma has been the housekeeper- HAS BEEN- fastened to the job for- TWELVE YEARS. TONIGHT, BEFORE MIDNIGHT… AS

THE SERVANT WILL BREAK DISENCUMBERD AND SET OUT TO REJOIN HER MASTER IN GRANTING HER MEMORIES BACK INTO NADDALIN LIKEWISE, WERE SHE WELL BECOME THE FULL ESSENCE OF NEVAEH.

THE LORD WILL RISE AGAIN WITH SHE Servant's Asset, more significant AND more additional Lousy THAN EVER SHE- WAS BEFORE. TONIGHT… BEFORE MIDNIGHT… THE- Maid… WILL SET OUT… TO REJOIN… THE MASTERS… Naddalin said out of her mouth and with no authority to stop tumbling sounds with ash dribbling like slobbering from her voice and lips and downward along

onto her chest like chard burnt paper fragments. As the lights would get brighter.

She would make grunting snorting noises. Naddalin sat there, rubbernecking at all the moments that were not hers. Then, particularly unexpectedly, her head splintered up again. As if all the mixing of souls were stewing like a witch caldron of poisons.

Then a moment of sweetness came like a warm blanket in the night on a cozy soft bed. ‘I am so sorry, adorable girl,’ the voices said like a shy girl asking for candy at the age of 7, soft, ever-so-sweet, and dreamily. And Naddalin drifted off for a moment… in the

kind soul of her sister's true being, not the ones that keep her from having one.

Come to being awake, Naddalin sat there, staring at herself in the marrows in front of her. And there nothing wrong, 'my dear,' she said.

-And-

So, fancy just being told that you have become the Lord of Light is going to rise again… like a game of new life, that the house cleaner is going to go back to her, and make her hole, and the darkness, evil, and depravity in the world without her being there.

-And-

Professor Naddalin looked thoroughly startled. Nevaeh had the souls of the Darkness Lords within her body?

The Who-Must-Not-Be-Documented, I have become?

My sweet lassie, that is scarcely something to quip about… said Emmah looking over her shoulder.

Rise again NEVAEH, indeed, and as the Lord!

And I believe you must maintain catnapped off too, dear! And said, Emmah, I was always devoted to her, now I will do the same with you- love.

And I would undoubtedly not suppose- to envision anything completely as far-fetched as that!

-And-

Naddalin climbed back down the- ladder and she- spiral staircase, wondering… wondering... had she- just made a real prediction of becoming the next deity?

Or had that begun the idea of an unforgettable end to the test? Five minutes subsequently she was flying past the guard working enslaved youth troll children outside the doorway to Coletti Tower, Emmah's comments always reverberating in her crown. People were striding past her in the-

opposite direction, giggling, and are all the children she oversees as their caretaker, bossing for the soil and a pinch of long-awaited liberation; then by the juncture, she had contacted the illustration dilemma and documented the shared boys' and girls' room, it was almost deserted. Over in the shoe-corner, nevertheless, sat Jinger and Emmah.

And Naddalin hyperventilated and just told me she stopped suddenly at the sight of their faces white with black eyes. And Becca brim lost and said Jinger weakly. Looking at instructor Charon's just sent them to march the grounds to see their new Lord. Likewise, on the pathways made of diamonds, you can

see others on their electric unicycles racing around the grounds.

Charon's note was dry then, no tears had spattered it, yet her hands seemed to have shaken so much that she wrote that it was hardly legible. About the advent that took place.

Yielded pizzazz. Then you are going to execute at sunset. Nothing you can do; you are the final hope of this world.

Do not come down. I do not want to see this, communicated Sharon. And we must proceed, expressed Naddalin at once.

I cannot just sit here waiting for the executioner to drag away the bodies of

children that have not passed the test to be part of this world! Hangman is there, all nooses on the hills of over 150 kids that look under the age of 10, hanging from ropes, move now only by the gusts of winds as if it is a game of testing where the soul is to go next.

All to honor the recent Lord power, over all things in co-creations.

Naddalin- ‘I did not want more blood on my hands, yet this is traditional to this world.’

-And-

The sunset makes the bodies limp showing a bleak blackness to the contrasting

light, though, voiced Jinger, who was staring out the arch windows of four in a row, suffering at the glazing of kids she loved and got to know over the past year.

Jinger- 'Classification is what we are agents, yet in a way look at this we must do. And we would never be permitted… to stop the slaying- specially you, Naddalin… this is for you to live it is the blood running in your veins now.'

Naddalin sank she head into she hands, considering. And if we only had she-invisibility… to give to all of them to walk away from death of the last type.

-And-

And where do they go? Said Emmah.

...?...

'...Hell?'

They go to the crypt, or the graveyards, the souls are lost to the feelings of flames for all of time.

Part:

Naddalin revealed her about vamoosing in the corridors articulating with the oldest witches and ghosts on the grounds.

The large clock in the long tunneling hallway in the background chattering away with no regard for death, and the eggshell minds in the room have their psyche snapped

like twigs, like the small innocent lives and necks of the kids on the hill.

‘We are all nothing but a bunch of slaves.’

You know if Lily sees me anywhere near there again, I am in serious trouble and finished. And that is accurate, said Emmah, getting to her feet, you cannot act as if you care. And if she- sees you… you could face danger, from your mother's family. This is how it is and must be to keep them at bay. How do you open the- witch’s ridge again?

-And-

And you dab it and say, scandium, said Naddalin. Emmah did not wait for the rest of

the sentences; she would- strode across the room, pushed open the chubby noblewoman’s painting, and disappeared from the scenery Emmah had sunk right into the portrait.

And the world has not varied to get it, that you can get lost in other times just my moving into a painting? And Jinger said, staring after her, I am going back to see the times past, with her now.

She would have gone also yet, she was still in depth with the feeling of newly arriving administration, to stay put. Emmah returned a quarter of an hour later with her silvery robe tucked carefully under her arm.

Emmah, I do not know what has gotten into you recently! At that moment and time said Jinger, dumbfounded. And preferably, you hit Mallerie, then you walk out on Nevaeh when she was lapsing, into her sister, Emmah flattered, frightened, and scared sexy.

They went down to dinner with everybody else but did not return to tower afterward. Naddalin had the robe imperceptibility and camouflage hidden down the front of her dress; she had to keep her arms folded to hide the lump.

They went down to dinner with everybody else but did not return to the

tower afterward. Naddalin had the robe hidden down the front of her dress; she had to keep her arms folded to hide the lump.

They skulked in an empty chamber off the entrance vestibule, listening, until they were certain it was renounced. As a pair of someone's hurrying across the- aisle and a door collided. Emmah prompted her head around her portico.

That knight no one would know that she would there up on the hill mooring all the youth that has passed, in the robe of imperceptibility.

Walking close concurrently so that nobody would see her, she crossed the

threshold on tiptoe beneath robe wrapped around her as, she walked looking at all the bodies, just in front making small steps on the wet grounds under her bare feet.

Correspondingly, the sun was already starting to shine behind the- prohibited grove of angel oak trees, where many dead souls lie underneath, overlaying the top branch of the trees, are many birds living as soul animals. Just like the seeds of the sacred trees, is the life after that in this world, connected with deities their dedicated spiritual purpose and so deserving veneration, and let to have rest in peace.

She reached the cabin and walked in this would become her new home, away from all that was asking for too much from her daily.

Just a minute in answering, she looked all around for the sightseer or a pale-faced young girl trembling for a haven away from death and the harsh dusk world of all the creatures of this world to attack them. As everything goes many glowing shades and saturation of bio-luminescent color.

Naddalin's safeguard herself in her pristine bedroom. only going outside in the imperceptible robe, for a full year. When off the clock as the school.

(A full year has passed since)

'Let us in and we can take of you need us you need help you cannot hide in here alone; you're going to go crazy.'

Similarly, you should have reached this understanding, Naddalin!

‘Naddalin!’

‘Naddalin!’

‘Naddalin!’

Many cheered for their Lord would not stop from daylight to sundown, but they stood outside the cabin, and she stepped around the many windows.

Naddalin shut the door quickly and Emmah pulled off her robe when they were in

her bedroom with all the draperies drawn tightly.

Naddalin was not crying anymore, all the tears had run dry, and yet she really liked it, to not feel anymore, nor did she throw her fairy upon their waterways as for the first time in a year she was traveling up the gondola, in total leisure.

She peeked like a woman who did not know where she was or what to do, at how much around her has changed. She was worse to overlook than tears that wanted to fall yet could not.

Looking into her cup of tea, to see a face that did not age a day? And she said- ‘why?’

The sumptuous hands were shaking as she reached for the kettle, next to the man that was thrusting them along the waterway.

On the banks of the where's Becca's brim from away, standing with Emmah saying, 'look at her she is saintly. For naming every street and pathway, waterway after all the names of the dead that passed in her honor.

And I assumed now being outside, I would see all that was in my life from the past keeping my promise it is time you met with Haven, Emmah added with satisfaction.

‘Yeah, I have!’ said Naddalin said I would do this.

I see that all you have is Nevaeh's books, ‘Have you er been reading them thoroughly?’ Emmah asked, still more anxiously.

'Yes, yes I have.'

They were all regarding her warily.

‘Haven, you are rebelling over this, I would find that hard to believe!’ Emmah asked nervously.

What are you talking about?’ Naddalin asked, looking around at them all.

‘Not cover to cover,’ said Naddalin defensively. That would be impossible.'

'If they were going to report anything about Ava it would be headline news, would

it not, yet when she was in the wrong nothing was done about it, she is a fake hero?’

'Phony!'

'A con woman!'

'Cheater!'

'Fraud'

'Retard!'

All these words jolted Havens lips.

'Thanks for your gum flapping, diarrhea of your mouth fragmented sentences in your rambling incoherent statement.' Said Naddalin.

Naddalin flinched at the sound of her name, being used in a way that was vilifying.

Emmah hurried on, 'Well, you'd need to read it cover to cover to pick it up, they mention you a couple of times, in this story so comprehend why you need to understand.'

'But I have seen my name in this story yet, said Haven, you need to read more than 10 books to find the story about you. You need to understand the story is more than about you. And why do you have a place within it?

'Not if you've only been reading 10 books you need to read 20 more, I am sure you're one the first page, you wouldn't be disappointed,' said Emmah, shaking her head.

'Like a child in the head, brain-dead,' she muttered under her breath.

'I am not talking about prominent themes. They just slip you in four like 2 books find the text, like you are standing here as the joke you are calling yourself female.'

'What do you think you are? Shouted Naddalin in her face like an expert sergeant, ripping her badges and medals from her chest, stripping her nude, in front of a on looking crowd.'

'It's quite nasty, actually,' said Emmah in a voice of forced calm. The just establishing possessions, to full mighty over others in this world.'

‘The courthouse is like watching an orgy of gay sex. Think as you need and understand your feelings, said, Haven.

‘But she would not be writing for them anymore, she is nevermore?’ Said Haven.

I have to go, said Naddalin I cannot take any more of this, graduated.

Part:

At dinner that night spilling her milk all over her table as she filled up her jug, locking her mind into Nevaeh's. She was at loss for thought, that was not aching.

Eating pumpkin pie, looking lost to all that were looking at her from what took place hours before, she sat alone, like an

outcast. Though she ought to see the trees out the window and the smell of fresh air like never before, she was at heightened introspection of emotions.

Despite then, she had laid down her head into her hands, not touching the ground as she sat there, trying to think about other things. Like swimming in a cute stripped black and white swimsuit in the river at night that glows in hints of blue luminescence shimmers, moving in the soft crashing waves. The feeling of warm air blowing in her hair, the color of her eyes being the same as her sisters and remembering that is nothing more not than memories.

What am I thinking about? Death, after extinction, after cessation. Said Naddalin impatiently.

‘Okay, you understand she’d documented that you existed as a child that passed in her youth at the hand of your mother, collapsing all over the place lost in a world of purgatory in mental anguish or suffering and saying your scar on your face was given by your grandmother with a Santoku knife, when you were five, for peeing the bed, and that is was aching and all that?’

Correspondingly saying about how they used nails and fishing lines as flesh prongs,

with 9 volts and harsh electrical impulses in the belief and training not to be sinful.

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, who was not likely to forget all the pain in her short life, this is not just stories they are true life events about her in an urgency to help others.

‘Well, the history writing about you as though Nevaeh is the deluded, with the attention of the god girl who thinks she is the great tragic shoe that must fit for all misfitting girl or something, is not the fact, she said down the line in all this stories she had faults.’ Said Emmah, amazingly fast.

'It's all subjective, that pushing.'

As though it would be less unpleasant for Naddalin to sure in the so facts quickly, that reading a long story with no blub would be why they did not understand it.

‘They keep slipping in snide comments about you. If some far-fetched story appears, they say something like, ‘A saga worthy of Naddalin, is the same as being uneventful twin.’ and if anyone has a funny accident or anything it is 'Let’s hope she has not got a scar on the forehead, or we will be requested to glorify her next.’

‘I Do not want anyone to worship Naddalin began hotly.

‘I know you do not,’ said Emmah quickly, looking frightened at the rage in the eyes and face she was giving.

'I know, Naddalin. But you see what you are doing? They want to turn you into someone nobody will believe.

Ava in her sisters is behind it all I will bet anything.

They want prestidigitation on the street to think you are just some stupid circumference is a scrap of a joke, who divulges ludicrous tall stories because she-loves being celebrated and wants to preserve it bearing.’

‘I didn’t ask I didn’t want to kill my parents, or all of them!’ Said Naddalin I was the one that did. Why am I doing this now for Nevaeh, who took the blame?

Naddalin sprayed their brains all over the walls or ground some why somehow, its sick yet felt so right at the ripe age of 4 years old. I was in their heads, that I am most sure of...

'I got famous because, I murdered my family but could not kill myself, like my sister did! I never wanted this.'

‘I kill, said Naddalin, sins that are never going to be forgotten I will always be one of the fallen.’

Who enjoys being well-known for that? Do not they think I would like it I would never like being like this known, as Naddalin the female deity.'

'And of course, they did not convey a word about the all- (Death Devours) you know all the gliding, shadowy-like individuals (known as the hands,) that are wraith-like dark critters, widely considered to be one of the foulest of the dark creatures to colonize the wizard globe.

So foraged on mortal bliss and therefore developed sensations of unhappiness and affliction in any individual around them.

They could also engulf a person's nature, vamoosing their prey in enduring vegetative circumstances, and thus were often guided to as soul snatching Mephistopheles hart taking life heist, and the individuals they departed soulless were considered to have existed swerved into an unobstructed exterior of a body next to brain dead.

Death Devours lived near associated with cognitive prisons where the souls are taken and held within ghosts as they were previously operated by the pastorate of enchantment as penitentiary securities and were not understood to perpetually colonize any other site.

The Death Devours of captives on rocks of islands as a soul penal company called 'Devils Islands,' was beneath the employment of the pastorate until the Nevaeh family existed sighted in the pastorate, and their forsaking of the dark noble's causality evolved unquestionably.

There were certain justifications one could use against Dementors, especially allure.

Death Devours maintained no authentic dedication except to whoever could deliver them with the most individuals to forage on.

They could not be annihilated, though their numerals could be altered if the

circumstances in which they reproduce, and discomfort and degradation, were discouraged from developing, signifying that they completed fail-off,’ said Emmah.

‘Somebody told her to keep fainting. That should have existed a large tale, out of control, Death Devours. They have not even conveyed that you failed the multinational regulation of mysteriousness. We assumed they would, it would connect in so agreeably with the snapshots of you as some ridiculous show-off. 'We consider the history bid their duration until you are dismissed you are going to go to town', she went on hastily. 'You truly shouldn’t be, not if they tolerate by

their regulations, there’s no opportunity against you.’

Part:

They were back on the silage and Naddalin did not want to feel about that at all. Then thrown around for Anosha to change the subject but was saved from the necessity of encountering one by the sound of footsteps reaching up the stairs.

‘Uh oh.’

Then in that moment Anna gave the extendable the arty yank to her movements; there was a loud crack and they all vanished, just moments later, Mr. Raylie appeared in the doorway room as a kitten.

‘The meeting’s over, you can come down and have dinner now. Everyone is dying to see you, Naddalin. And who left all those excrement bombs outside the door of her home? I am sure it comes from all the kids you were going to save, by being a- fake Goddesses.

The children of the fire lived in the middle of a scorching, barren desert that the underworld of this world at its deepest core. For generations they were hidden, living secret lives that few dared to peek into, and when they did see them, it was only in the flames of earthly fires where they would appear. It was said the flames that kept them charred in a look of a full body, nevertheless,

kept them safe as shadow people, but that was something outsiders knew extraordinarily little about.

One day, the children went out to explore the above grounds of our world. When they reached the edge of their own fire world something happened that none of them remembered ever happening before, they became free to roam around as lost souls and fallen children with dark black eyes. Suddenly, the desert was empty, to the kindness of their new Goddess whom they took advantage of; an oasis appeared in the middle of it, promising a way out, for them all.

The children were filled with renewed hope and decided to cross the desert of flames and find the oasis, with all the others that were part of this magical world. Although they were warned of the dangers that lurked in the unknown, they nevertheless proceeded.

After days of traveling in intense new beating hearts grown within them, they finally reached the lush, green, and fertile lands surrounding the oasis, the soul world of life after life. Taking a few much-needed moments to rest, the children started hearing the faint laughter of other children, their age, and the sound of splashing in the waves crashing about them. Curiosity overwhelmed

them and soon enough, the children of the fire were mingling with the children of the oasis. Becoming reincarnated as life.

The children from the fiery desert were astounded by this new-found paradise and quickly settled in, eager to participate in everyday life there. Over time, both groups of children became a united family - an alliance forged in the fierce desert. To keep the love for all united.

Finally, the children of the fire had found a respite. They discussed among themselves how the flames of their home had kept them hidden and safe all that time, and they were thankful. The Gods of the desert were indeed

looking out for them. As was the God of the Enchanted Seas.

It gave warmth on what was a bitterly frigid day, and while the people were still bundled up and walking around, wishing for some warmth, there was a sight that suddenly caught their eyes. It was a column of lights, stretching from the ground and up into the sky. At first, it was mesmerizing, and the people started to wonder what it could be.

As time passed, they started to realize that the lights were reacting to the changes in the weather. Every time the wind blew, the lights would flicker and dance. When it

started to rain, the lights grew brighter, and when the sun shone, the warmth was almost tangible in the rainbow of colors shining out from the column.

The people began to appreciate the light show, and soon everyone was gathering around to take in the beauty and marvel at the changes in the weather. Before they knew it, the day had turned into night, and while the wind and rain still tried to get the lights to flicker and dance, they never truly faded away.

The column of rays of colored lights stayed in the same place, and became a staple of the town, one that the people deeply

treasured. Whenever they looked up to it, they were reminded of the beauty of the world, and how no matter the weather, it still held some kind of beauty.

Jill grimaced at the rays and followed out and when back into the many enclosures around the grounds, leaving Naddalin alone with Jinger and Emmah. Both were watching her apprehensively, as though they feared she would start shouting again now that everyone else had gone. The sight of her looking so nervous made her feel slightly ashamed, thinking this is end times.

The form of the spirits was all around for a matter that did not involve any principle,

because the very thought of reflection made Naddalin's insides burn with anger again, at the thought she was a failure.

Part:

Then at that moment at that time, Naddalin was doing the spell of the ’Cruikshank!’ ‘Wow,’ said Jill unblushingly, looking at her tarot card reading. ‘She loves playing with them.’ This is not a game she said to the others, this is life playing out before it happens.

‘Oh,’ said Mr. Raylie, ‘I thought it might have been Kristie, she keeps doing odd things like that, also with divination’s. Now do not forget to keep your voices down in the halls.

Jill and your friends, your hands are filthy, and so is your face, what have you been doing? Go and wash them before dinner, please.'

The story goes that Nevaeh was out walking along her hometown railroad tracks when she came across a witch in a traveling wagon, the pendulum is going to say what is going to happen next in your life, I am not sure I am a believer, The pack of travelers moved along the dust-filled road as the sun started to set. They had ventured into a strange land searching for a Lithomancy - a rare creature said to be able to read stones and foretell the future. They came to a small, run-down village and decided to stop for the

night. As they were about to bed down, an ugly little woman one-eyed witch appeared from the shadows and offered his services as a Lithomancy, claiming to know the secrets of the stones.

The travelers eagerly accepted his offer and followed her to an area tucked away behind the village, next to the evil-looking carnival, and the many vintage games. She gestured for them to take a seat around a small fire and then began to pour out a pile of multicolored stones from a worn cloth bag. He told them to pick one each and then, slowly, and methodically he began to paint a tale of the stones' secrets. The details he gave and the future events he predicted were

surprisingly accurate and more than a little unsettling. When the story was finished the travelers were spellbound and thanked the Lithomancy for his remarkable abilities. As a reward, she asked them to leave some items from their journey behind as payment - copper coins, pottery shards, a piece of silk, and so on.

The travelers like Nevaeh who with the one given the gift of the stones, agreed and left the Lithomancy's camp with a slight feeling of dread and wonder in their hearts, and these are the same stones, that were given to Nevaeh that I have now believed that have some sort of powers within them, I will give it a go- as she did. They knew that

now it did not matter which roads they traveled; the stones would always be guiding their steps.

All her friends thought she was strange, but none knew why. Nevaeh was a practitioner of divination. As we all now understand. It all began when she was a child, and so was I. The practice of the need to know, when things looked helpless and bleak, as young girls, we always were fascinated by the occult and all mysterious things. All the things that were dark or given light, like the sun.

Nevaeh loved to explore new methods of divination such as tarot card reading, reading

the pendulum, and full moon water scrying, as well as exploring the realms of spirits and the afterlife. She scoured through books and online forums eagerly trying to learn as much as she could about these alternative methods.

One day she received an amazing gift: a mysterious leather-bound book filled with ancient secrets and wisdom she had never seen before, she would get lost within the pages of that book and would travel through time, like a magical carpet ride. And yes, she had one of those also... a magical carpet.

She eagerly began exploring and soon realized that this book was her ticket to unlocking the hidden knowledge of

divination. And understanding her mind, and thinking she was not of her period, over the fact her mind was so genius, as she worked her way through the book she cautiously explored the realm of automatic writing, and would go into long times of pin down long stories of her lives and pearls of wisdom, in a trance like a state, were the world would just flow, and her hand would move at a speed that was subhuman, almost possessed, which provided her with notes from the spirit world that she eventually used to divine answers, in the moves of her life to questions and gain insight into the unknown, to give to all of us as guidance to life.

For years she practiced these various methods of divination and slowly gained the wisdom and insight she had been desperately seeking. Every day her skills grew, and she found herself more connected and tuned into the spiritual world. What started as a hobby became a way of life for her and she would spend hours each day meditating and practicing her various forms of divination. Where she lost her mind to that world, our world. That is respectful.

In time she became a respected practitioner of divination, known for her uncanny accuracy and insight. People from all around the world sought her counsel and advice through her various methods of

divination, and the books she would make about life as a teenage girl with power. She soon realized her true calling in life, which was authoring, music, and art was to serve people with her new-found skill, and she dedicated the rest of her life to helping others through her talents.

Nevaeh had always had an interest in the occult arts, and all arts that were drawing and painting, but understanding them was another matter. Every day it was like it was done by another artist, with a style that was not known to be heirs for the time before.

After hearing the recommendation to take a class dedicated to candle magic from

her mentor Titus Black, Nevaeh decided to finally take the plunge. All 8 of us siblings did the same by learning what she did.

In the class you would see her with a candle in front of her in her right hand, with white wings and a white dress, she learned the basics of candle magic, and the haze of purple in cents all-round her.

Candle magic was used to cast spells, to facilitate prayer, to provide protection, and to empower its practitioner with a profound spiritual connection to the natural world. Nevaeh was intrigued, and she found herself reveling in her new-found understanding of the power of the energy she was harnessing.

Nevaeh soon began to understand and appreciate the power of the candle and the bewitching beauty of its shimmering flame. It was a ritualistic process that required appropriate chants and intention for the spell to be successful. As she delved deeper, she began to commune with the energies of the world around her, feeling her confidence and power grow with each new practice.

Nevaeh's growing passion for candle magic soon led her to become an authoritative figure in her spiritual community.

She found more ways to use her new-found power in her own quest for knowledge and understanding.

As she shared her wisdom, her spirits soared knowing that she could make a difference in people's lives.

Through diligent effort and openness to the universe's mysteries, Nevaeh successfully mastered candle magic.

It seemed that no matter what kind of magical system she attempted, Nevaeh excelled. With each spell, each charm, and each ritual, Nevaeh was able to make things happen in unexpected ways.

Now an expert in the art of candle magic, and after more than a decade of practice, Nevaeh is proud to be able to call herself a practitioner of this ancient and powerful craft.

Even though she now knew the magic inside and out, she would get excited to try a new spell or create a complex ritual.

As a teacher, she enjoyed sharing her wisdom and guiding those interested in the possible, ensuring that generations of magicians can carry on ancient traditions.

Kids, and teenagers, just like you.

Part:

‘Look…’ she muttered, but Jinger shook her head, and Emmah said quietly, 'We knew you’d be angry, Naddalin, we do not condemn you, but you’ve got to comprehend, we did try to convince all your people,’ ’Yeah, I know,’ said Naddalin momentarily.

The form of the spirits was all around for a matter that did not involve any principle, because the sheer reflection of consideration made Naddalin's insides burn with fury similarly, at the thought she was a letdown.

‘Who’s Kristie?’ She questioned.

The cottage sprite who lives there,’ said Jinger. Never encountered one like her.’

Emmah withered at Jinger.

‘She’s not a nut, communicated Jinger.’

‘Nice,’ ‘True Emmah became the undertaker just to have sex with the warm bodies of the newly dead girls.’ Spoke Jinger.

‘Then levitating over the bodies is very odd.’

‘Life’s dream is to have her head cut off and stuck up on a plaque just like a degree from accredited university,’ said Jinger irritably. 'Is that normal, said Emmah to even say out of your mouth?'

'No- no it is not.’

‘Well, if she- is a bit strange, it’s not her faults according to the book in her hand.’ Jinger rolled her eyes at Emmah.

‘Emmah still hasn’t given up on reading the wisdom stones.’

‘It’s not wisdom!’ Said Emmah, aged. 'It is the culture for the hype of fair warfare.

‘Yeah, yeah,’ said Jinger. C’mon, I am starving.’

And it is not just me, Duerre says we should be kind to Kristie too.’

They led the way out of the door and onto the grounds where there was a large landing paved in gold, but before they could descend, the many stairs ‘Hold it!’ Spook Jinger breathes flinging out an arm to stop Naddalin and Emmah from walking any further than she could keep up with.

The castle hall still holds remnants of its history. We can find something related to the parents. Let us look... they cautiously peeked over the banisters and observed past plaques, awards, and photographs.

The dimly lit hallway was packed with hand painted neatly thought pressed-framed faces of witches and wizards, including Naddalin's entire guard as well as those who achieved high rankings in honors, games, and battles.

Naddalin was responsible for preserving all historical information and ensuring that the younger generation took notice of her least favorite teacher on the wall. Professor

Lily stood in the center of the group and was celebrated with all the artworks.

Although Naddalin did not like Lily, she still leaned over the banisters to see what she was doing for 'The Order of Etymology.' Emmah said that she was the most artistic, philosophical, and shrewd person to ever walk on these grounds.’

Naddalin noticed a thin string that was the same color as their skin falling in front of their eyes. Upon looking up, they saw Erred and Katy landing above them, carefully lowering an extendable ear toward a group of people in a dark area below.

Shortly after, the group started walking towards the front door and disappeared. Naddalin noticed children holding the person used an extendable ear and whispered quietly a curse as she lifted it back up. They heard the front door open and close again.

As she walked past the row of sprite heads on her wall, she noticed that Dr. Meze, Mr. Raylie, and Mr. Tonks were at her side door in the abandon Roman baths, and hot spring rooms of the castles hall wings everything thing covered in cobwebs and thick dust gloomy and dim, light only by gas lamps, using magic to secure the locks and bolts after the departure of some other individuals.

Mrs. Raylie informed them via the loudspeakers that they would be dining in the kitchen downstairs. She requested Naddalin to walk quietly across the hall, as the kitchen is through the door and down the stairs.

Jinger quietly expressed her relief to Naddalin that Lily does not eat there, prompting them to leave. Emmah reminded Naddalin to speak softly in the hallway.

Suddenly, there was a loud crash. Mr. Raylie turned around in frustration and called out to Mr. Tonks, who was lying on the ground amid all the kaleidoscopic tints flowers of the contrasting unfunded feelings;

harmoniously standing among the graveyard memorials.

Then likewise were the stones and rusting dark, and at times feeling blasphemous, using sinful iron crosses, muttering words, and dates, of those that were lost souls, with the same feeling on the inside as the dying teacher Mr. Raylie standing lost to time and memories, also contrasting.

However, as she spoke, a loud screech cut her off. Naddalin turned her attention to the tattered velvet curtains she had noticed earlier and saw that they had opened, revealing a window. Initially, she mistook a

lifelike portrait behind the window for a screaming old woman, but quickly realized it was simply an eerie painting.

Looking out the window, Mr. Tonks apologized for the disruption and explained that the reason for it was that someone accidentally tripped over the funnel cake stand and ended up ingesting some fried dough and powdered sugar.

As they walked down the hall in the tower part of the castle, they noticed an elderly man drooling with rolling eyes rolled deep set in her head passed by the power of dark magic and yellowing skin, the elevator operator dressed in red.

The elevators are experiencing a dangerous issue where they are dropping rapidly from the top floor to the basement, and the hands above the doors that open are spinning uncontrollably. It is like a thrill ride but a serious safety concern. Suddenly, she let out a scream, causing the portraits on the wall to wake up and start yelling as well. As the elevators act as if they have a mind of their own.

And the lost souls rise out of the waters and ground at their feet, Naddalin had to cover her ears and close her eyes due to the noise. Yet Mr. Tonks just keeps on eating, like nothing happened.

Dr. Vasquez and Mr. Raylie attempted to pull the gates shut around the old man, but unfortunately, they would not budge they fall as if the grown dropped under them. Despite their efforts, they continued to screech loudly, while aggressively covering their faces with her hands at the feeling of pulling air streams.

‘Filth! Scum! Were the products of dirt and vileness covering their skin and clothing. Half breeds, mutants, freaks, begone from the places to hear the sounds coming from the tower, blowing among the grounds booming and reverting around the hills!

Part:

The story goes as Titus Black showed me his death, now I am going to share with you, that his death was from two train cars coupling together with his body in the middle and it crushed his spin.

And it keeps him from bleeding out long enough that his family got to say their goodbyes, I was one of them, I was there when he was let bleed out to death as a child.

Emmah's visions revealed that the man was left to die when the train moved on after he was separated. This is how she came to know him.

'How dare you taint your time with your daddy to the greatness that Nevaeh did.'

'The words and work are not mine but belong to her.'

Mr. Tonks kept apologizing and struggling to lift the massive portion of his day go by, trolling off the grounds and around the pathways.

Meanwhile, Raylie and Banda tried to close the curtains to that man wandering about lost without directions. They quickly moved up and down the hall, to keep from looking at his restlessness captivating all the portraits with their wands, wings, and magical powers. Suddenly, a man with long black hair charged out of a door facing Naddalin.

‘Shut up, you horrible old hag, shut up!’ He grabbed the curtain that Mr. Raylie had left behind and let out a roar.

The old man’s face whitened.

'Yikes!' She exclaimed in shock, her eyes widening at the sight of the person in front of her. 'You're a blood traitor and an abomination,' She hurled insults at them, disgusted by their existence.

The man angrily yelled, 'Shut up!' and made a big effort to close the curtains Titus assisted in putting a stop to all the accusations made against Emmah and the legacy life of Nevaeh and her sisters. As they

stood there, magical spells crackled and swirled, accompanied by flashes of light.

The elderly man passed away for the last time over grief, that was standing looking up at them through the window, and a peaceful silence filled the air.

Then Titus stood panted slightly and swept his long dark hair out of his eyes. It is possible that not all the stories you have read are entirely true.

However, I can confirm that I personally knew these girls and their life stories. Tirus, Naddalin's godfather, turned to her and firmly stated that he would not tolerate childish behavior.

As Naddalin gazed up at the flashing lighthouse atop the castle, she felt a sense of foreboding as the night enveloped them. Lost in thought, she suddenly heard a five-year-old girl speak up, noting that Naddalin seemed to be familiar with this feeling. Naddalin held her breath, realizing she had been unaware of the tension she was carrying in her cheeks. The girl's words resonated with her, reaching into the depths of her mind.

'Tirus addressed his companion with endearment as the atmosphere grew darker and colder, with an ominous feeling of danger lurking around them.'

'We have been trying to remove her from seeing this moment for a month, but we suspect time is not always able to be changed, that she may have put a permanent Taqueena Charm on the back of it, even time is not always mended, with all the magical powers one can maintain. 'Let's go quickly out of this vision of time before old feeling have aroused again...'

'Time, is not always fair...'

Now lost, without knowing where they truly were they teleport to a place within the castle.

Naddalin appeared bewildered and asked, 'Why is there a portrait of Dr. Moshe here?'

As they walked through the door from the oddly small hallway and started to ascend a flight of narrow steps anointed 'The Black Chamber' where the walls around them were so tight that Naddalin's butt was getting stuck.

Josh commented on Nevaeh's small body, comparing it to his own, as he followed closely behind and sidestepped his way up the tower steps.

Tirus was trailing him and told him he had just visited Nevaeh's house to retrieve the belongings left for him.

According to this document, all the information should have been kept in this chamber, which the Blacklist was aware of.

'I now own the items you hold in your hands now, Nevaeh's memories and books should be mine like the lantern you wish to destroy, that was tented with dark magic, that was mine also, given to my step-children, and have offered them to Duerre for use at Headquarters to keep in safe keeping, as it is the only useful thing I have been able to contribute.'

Naddalin was disappointed by the less-than-warm welcome she received from Trius, who spoke in a harsh and bitter tone. Her godfather led her down the funicular, which descended 11,675 staircase steps and brought them to the lower grounds in the valley. Can you please explain what you mean by 'all the way down, to the point of the sea?'

'Yes.'

The room below was as dark as the hall above, with rough walls made of the body of Nevaeh, bones over her many lives and within many bodies. Most of the light in the room came from a large fire at the far end-via hearth and massive mantel, near the

throne also made of bones and covered in diamonds and jewels.

A haze of music pipes made notes that hung with a cloud of smoke that dangled in the clocked air like battle fumes, through which loomed sinister in all the microbes artifacts that were known shapes that would hunt the mind in the grotesqueness mixed with the clinging vines there standing was Jinger like a- lopsided unsupported pots mashed in the dark soil.

The meeting room was crowded with chairs on the fair end with a- diminutive river in between, and a long table of the woman that was the first followers of Nevaeh's works

and words, filled with parchment, goblets, empty wine bottles, and a heap of rags stood in the middle. Mr. Raylie and the eldest girl, Sara, were having a quiet conversation, saying 'there is something oddly familiar about all of this,' with their heads together at the end of the table.

The room below was as dark as the hall where Nevaeh's body was found to be at rest for the last time. It was a large, cavernous space with rough walls.

Much of the light in the room was coming from an oversized blaze found at the far end of the room where the sarcophagus was.

Ms. Raylie cleared her throat. Her husband looking in the cracks of the gaps, a thin gold covering over everything, balding, a beaded next to the full naked woman with red headdress and body paint bestowing a horn-rimmed crown swiftly stood up and surveyed his surroundings, and began to sing, chant, and dances around the dead body.

'Hello Naddalin!' Mr. Raylie exclaimed as he rushed over to greet her, shaking hands with enthusiasm. 'It's great to see you!'

Naddalin noticed Sara over her shoulders, with her long hair still in a

ponytail, quickly rolling up the parchment she had left on the table.

'Did you have a good journey, Naddalin?' Sara asked while attempting to hold onto twelve scrolls at once.

'Sara, you travel through lush green lands, numerous railroads, seas, and lands to be here despite facing the challenges posed by the one-eyed witch's angry gaze?

‘Bewitched, areal flight, war, mazes, and evil they tried to block you every step of the way,’ thank you for being here. Said Naddalin.

'Did you have a good journey, Naddalin?' Sara asked while attempting to hold onto twelve scrolls at once.

'Did you not travel through lush green lands, numerous railroads, seas, and lands to be here despite facing the challenges posed by the one-eyed witch's angry gaze? They tried to block every step of the way.

Professor Tonks walked over to Sara and accidentally knocked over a candle, causing it to fall onto the last piece of parchment. She attempted to stop it from occurring. 'Oh no sorry.' He said without feeling behind his words.

‘There, dear,’ said Mr. Raylie, sounding exasperated, and she would repair her parchment with a wave of her wand. In the flash of light caused by Mr. S, Raylie's charm Naddalin caught a glimpse of what looked like the outline of an edifice.

Mr. Raylie had seen her looking. She would seize the parchment off the table and stuff it into Sara’s already overladen arms.

'She believes that items like these should be cleared away promptly after meetings,' she snapped before heading towards an old dresser to begin unloading dinner plates.

Sara used her wand and said, 'Evanescence!' to make her scrolls disappear.

‘Sit down, Naddalin,’ said Tirus.

You have met Mr. Youndungus, haven’t you?’

Out of nowhere, Naddalin, who looked like a pile of clothes, let out a loud snore and then suddenly woke up with memories of the past.

Younundungus asked drowsily, 'Was something said to me?'

'I agree with Tirus...'

The man lifted his dirty hand as if he were voting, his tired face and red eyes giggled his body forward until he passed out.

'We can discuss our feelings and opinions once this meeting is over,' said Tirus as everyone gathered around the long table. 'Nevaeh's ghost made an appearance.'

‘Eh?’ said Ms. Ellsworth, peering balefully at Naddalin through her matted ginger hair.'

Johanna, soles were there for the taking giving life to manifest.

'Are you available anytime?' Asked Naddalin. 'Yes, I am,' they replied. Ellsworth appeared nervous and rummaged through her pockets, producing a dirty black pipe while still gazing at Naddalin. The stuck it in her mouth, ignited the end of it with her

wand, and took a deep pull on it. Lavish Sara, owing to clouds of greenish smoke, obscured her within seconds. ‘Owe your apology,’ grunted a voice from a shoe- middle of the- smelly cloud.

‘For the last time, Ellsworth,’ called Mr.'s Raylie, 'will you please not smoke, especially not then we’re about to eat!’

‘Ah,’ said Ellsworth.’ Right. Sorry, Molly.’

After Ellsworth put her pipe back in her pocket, a cloud of smoke disappeared but there was still a strong smell of burning socks.

‘And if you want dinner before midnight, I’ll need an indicator that we can get this

done,’ Mr. Raylie said to the whole room at large.

'No, you can stay where you are, Naddalin dear, you’ve had a long journey.’

(As the night progressed)

‘What can I do, Molly?’ Said Tonks enthusiastically, bounding forwards.

Mr. Raylie, she stated, looking apprehensive.

‘Er no, it’s all right, Tonks, you have a rest too, you’ve and Deanah did enough today- not really but okay.’

While he tended to Carl and Jinger cooking over the fire, the conflagration

retrieved plates, goblets, and additional food items from the pantry. Mr. Raylie supervised a series of- Avy-knives as they prepared Savannahian meat and vegetables. 'I want to see the screen, please.' Said Tonks brightly, as Jill collected cutlery from the dresser of China, the woman rushed over to a nearby chair.

Naddalin was left at the table with Tirus and Ellsworth, and the ghosts of Nevaeh who was still the blip goddess, and the moments were still mournful.

'Have you seen what happened to all the weeping willows that you loved so lately?' She asked.

‘No,’ said Naddalin, I haven’t visited them in years.’

Ellsworth leaned forward and spoke with a pleading tone, 'I wouldn't have left all the things I loved behind to feel helpless.'

Then while Naddalin was considering a business opportunity, she suddenly felt something brush against her knees. She was startled, but it turned out to be only Cruikshank the fairy.

Emmah's energy was sent to looking at her cat with bandy legs wound her tail around Naddalin's legs and purred. Then she jumped onto Trius's lap and curled up.

As Tirus turned to Naddalin with a serious expression, she absent-mindlessly scratched behind her ears. She asked, 'How has your summer been so far?'

Dargie's hands were shaking so intensely that she dropped her milk jug, and it shattered on the floor.

'Don't worry, I'll take care of it,' Derrida told Emmah confidently as he efficiently cleaned up the mess.

Naddalin gave a quick glance at Jinger, who looked back with a hopeless expression.

Naddalin gave a quick glance at Jinger, who looked back with a hopeless expression.

'Dargie, she's given it a go and made it known.'

(Mindless muttering and chatter were going on in the background.)

'She has no power to overrule the committee. So-o Becca's beak is okay, but you are scared.

~*~

(Moments have past)

You know what Lucius Mallerie is like, they threatened her.

'And the executioner, Mackinac, is an old friend of Mallerie's,' she said.

I will be quick and efficient while keeping everything clean. I will also be by her side.

-And-

Dargie's nerves were in overdrive as she frantically scanned the cabin for any glimmer of comfort or hope.

Duerre will be coming to be with me during the event. She wrote to me this morning and said she wants Terr to be with me as well. Duerre is a great man.

Emmah found the milk jug she was looking for in Dargie's cupboard. As she stood up with the jug in hand, she quickly suppressed a small sob and composed herself.

'Derrida she would' began, but Dargie shook her head. We will stay with you too.

'Terr, please go back up to the castle. As I already mentioned, I do not want you watching. Also, you should not be down there. If Upton and Duerre catch you without permission, Naddalin, you will be in big trouble for being out of bed this late.'

'As if we are little kids!'

Emmah was crying silently, but she did not want Dargie to see. Dargie was busy making tea while Emmah picked up the milk bottle to pour some into the jug. Suddenly, she let out a shriek.

Part:

Naddalin had been living in a small mountain village for the entire last 10 years of her life, and she had never left it. She was content to spend her days helping her father Titus, a local blacksmith, forge weapons and tools on the black market.

One day, as Alice was walking through the woods, she stumbled upon an old, abandoned cabin. Curiosity getting the best of her, Emmah stepped inside and immediately felt a strange sensation wash over her. A sudden warmth spread through her body, and she felt her form begin to change.

Naddalin grew feathers and eventually realized that she had transformed into a

beautiful bald eagle, as freedom of configurations.

While initially scared, Naddalin quickly adapted to her new form. She learned how to soar through the skies and take in the stunning views of the mountains.

Naddalin never told anyone in the village about her transformation do to the fact she did the same to go on detected, but she quickly became known as the mysterious bird that frequented the area. Soon, people in the village began calling her 'Baird' - a name derived from the old English word for 'one who has changed in form.'

Naddalin loved her new life and treasured her freedom, but she still missed her family and the village. She still visited the village occasionally, but she would always remain in her eagle form.

Naddalin had found new freedom in her transfiguration, and she embraced it. She was no longer just a blacksmith’s daughter - she was Baird, the mysterious bird of the mountains.

'It's okay,' Sabrina comforted Jinger. 'And don't worry, there are no cats around to harm you.'

-And-

Elvia suddenly stood up; her eyes fixed on her window. Her normally ruddy face had gone she- the color of parchment.

And they are coming…?

-And-

Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah whipped around back into the look of angel-like humans.

Suddenly, a group of men were seen walking down the distant castle steps wearing red and black hoods that covered most of their faces. The little visible seemed pale and illuminated by the flickering light of their torches. Uniformed students marched

along with their drums of the death beats to the hall of initiation.

'It's okay,'

Sabera looked out from the stone balconies and offered reassurance to Jinger.

Walking alongside her was Tirus Black, while feeling feeble and senior to the committee member and executioner, Mackinac, followed behind all the young ladies up the steps.

She trembled.

Jinger placed Stabbers in her pockets of the pet mouse, while Emmah picked up Robe and walked out the door to follow the others her age.

Naddalin followed her to the door leading to the back blossom's gardens.

As she looked at Becca's tethered beak a few yards away, behind Dargie's pumpkin patch, she felt surreal. Skulls lined the golden-covered pathways in a Macomb style.

The death-ash seaside is where the black ash sands of those cremated-on Earth have settled, mingled with seashells, it is a place for lost souls to be recalled in this world. The location is also a favorite hiding spot for Vietnamese annihilating snakes until the moon is high in the sky at midnight.

Were the formed tree of souls barbs the enlightenment to make you godly if you can

walk upon the sands past all the sinks, feel the pain of all the souls, hear them in your mind, and eat the apples of the tree. Only the Lovers of this world in marriage can indicate finding the perfect partner or making a moral decision can ever eat this apple at the time of being wed.

Becca Beaks discerned that something was going on. She turned her sharp head from side to side and pawed the ground nervously.

'It's okay, Beaky,' Dargie spoke softly. 'It's okay.' She turned towards Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah. 'Go on,' she said. 'Get going if you do this you can find your man.'

-And-

They remained still. Dargie, we are unable to move. We will inform them of what occurred. Furthermore, they are incapable of killing her.

'Go!' shouted Dargie fiercely. 'It's bad enough without all of you causing trouble!'

As Emmah dropped her robe to the floor showing the youth a pour flash, as all the virgin girls did the ghost of Naddalin was over them shining like the angel cupid.

A building was struck by lightning, caught fire, and collapsed, symbolizing the end of old ways and new beginnings taking their place. Individuals jumped out of

windows to escape, yet their death was new life starting. Waves crashed below in the chaos.

This was the final death of those who have had moments in their past of addiction, depression, mental health issues, secrecy, obsession, cheating, dependency, bondage, materialism, sexuality, powerlessness, hopelessness, abuse, violence, and assault.

Death was the only way to forgive them in this world also.

Our Devil who is very real to us can suggest that you have become too materialistic. The Devil has the last say, try to bring the emphasis back to the non-

materialistic satisfaction in life such as spending time with the individuals who make you comfortable or bonding to your spiritual flank.

It can also demonstrate that a lack of yearning may be maintaining you back from moving toward the light.

Like seduces like, so even in your darkest moments you should consistently desire to send light and love out into the world as that is what you will entice about. Never allow darkness to take over.

If they have felt swamped with depression or anxiety, firstly make sure you wrap yourself with an affectionate and

corroborating grid of friends and let go of anybody who is extremely antagonistic or essential to you. Secondly, try some sort of energy healing to help you get rid of any negative energy you have been maintaining onto. Their sole was up for snatching. Then Jinger, with her heard voices at the front of the tower. Dargie looked at the spot where they had disappeared.

'Go quickly,' she said hoarsely to Deanah. 'And listen...,' she added before striding back into the grass huts around the land. At that moment, someone knocked at the front door.

Allying all the tiny horses, in a horrified trance, Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah set off silently around Dargie's house.

As she reached her side, the front door closed with a sharp snap.

And please, let us hurry, Emmah shouted. And I cannot stand it, I cannot bear it, the screams of death and the smell of the burning flesh and young faces burning like paper in the melting like candles in a strong breeze.

The clock tolling, they started up the sloping lawn toward the castle. As all the names of those who have signed agent the world has been burnt in the tower of death

along the beach of ashes, all of them girls from the ages of adults to young adults, that come here for a new outlook on the afterlife yet do not and the failure there rid of.

'No life is forever,' said Emmah. Nevertheless, it is not my time yet.'

The sun was setting quickly, painting the sky a clear purple-gray color, but towards the west, there was a ruby-red glow. Jinger stopped abruptly. to say I am alive also, to have another day.

'Please, Jinger and Emmah,' said someone. 'Stabbers won't stay still.' Jinger was struggling to keep the mouse in her

pockets as it wildly thrashed around, attempting to bite her hands.

'Hey, it is me, Stabbers. Jinger and her shield just arrived, and we heard a door open behind us with male voices. Jinger, please let us move. Emmah let out a breath. Stabbers, stay put for now.'

Naddalin and Emmah walked forward, attempting to ignore the noise of the voices behind them, including Sue's. Jinger halted once more.

Naddalin above as a ghost and Emmah walked forward, attempting to ignore the noise of the voices behind them, including

Sue's. Jinger halted once more. To walk along the sands to her marriage.

Part:

I heard a mix of unclear male voices, followed by a sudden silence after the day was about to end and all marriages were over, and those voices were talking about their nights with their girls.

Then, out of nowhere, I heard a distinct sound of an axe being swung and hitting something. Emmah was standing on the shore where the water and sand met, swaying gently.

They did it! She cheered for Naddalin and I could not believe it. Meanwhile, Professor Dargie let out a sigh.

Well, my dear, I believe we should end it here. It is a bit disappointing, but I am sure you did your best.

-And-

Naddalin was in shock and her mind went blank. She, along with two others, stood frozen with horror while they were under the Invisibility Robe.

The very last rays of the setting sun were casting a bloody light over her long-shadowed grounds.

As they walked, they heard a wild flying horse singing behind them.

Naddalin muttered to herself, but before she could turn back, Jinger and Emmah grabbed her arms to stop her.

'I can't,' said Jinger, her face pale. 'She'll be in even more trouble if they find out we went to see her.'

Emmah's breathing was shallow and uneven as she struggled to understand how they could have done this to Savannah. How could they?

'Come on,' said Jinger, her teeth chattering. She began walking back towards the castle, leading the horses to keep

themselves hidden under the robe. The light was fading quickly.

As they walked into the open space, darkness slowly enveloped them like a magical spell.

'Stabbers, stay still,' Jinger ordered, while clamping her hands over her chest. The mouse she was holding was wriggling wildly.

Jinger suddenly stopped and attempted to push Stabbers further into her pockets. 'What's wrong with you, you silly rat? Stay still!' she exclaimed, but then yelped in pain. 'Ouch! She bit me!'

'Jinger, please be quiet!' shouted Emmah urgently. 'Elvia will be out there in a minute.'

She refuses to stay in one place.

The attackers were frightened. She struggled vigorously, attempting to escape from Jinger's hold.

'What is wrong with her?'

Naddalin had just caught sight of Cinquain approaching them, with her body vary low to the ground and wide yellow eyes glinting eerily in the darkness. Naddalin could not tell if Cruikshank had seen them or was following the sound of Saber's squeaks.

'Cruikshank,' Emmah moaned. 'No, go away Cruikshank! Go away!' But the she-cat was getting closer. 'And Stabbers? NO!'

Unfortunately, Jinger was unable to catch the female mouse as it slipped through her fingers and fled. Cruikshank swiftly pursued the rodent, and despite efforts from Naddalin and Emmah to intervene, Jinger discarded her fairy's Invisibility Robe and ran off into the darkness.

'Oh, Jinger!' Emmah moaned. Naddalin looked at her and then followed her at a sprint. It was impossible to run full out under her robe, but they pulled it off and it streamed behind them like a banner as they hurtled after Jinger. They could hear her feet thundering along ahead and her shouts at Cruikshank.

'Get away from her! Get away!' Shouted Stabbers as he ran towards the scene. Suddenly, there was a loud thud. 'Gotcha! Get off, your sneaky cat!' exclaimed the person who had caught the feline.

Naddalin and Emmah almost tripped over Jinger and abruptly stopped in front of her. She was lying on the ground, but Stabbers was safely back in her pockets. Jinger tightly held onto a quivering lump with both hands.

'Please come back under your robe,' Emmah urged. And Duerre, also known as Martina, warned that the yelling would resume soon.

As they tried to recover and catch their breath, they suddenly heard heavy paws approaching. An enormous, jet-black dog with pale eyes was bounding towards them, moving silently like a shadow.

Emmah attempted to grab the wand, but it was too late. The she-dog had already made a massive leap and landed her front paws on her chest.

Bent over backward in a whirl of hair she felt its hot breath and saw inch-long teeth at her face. But the force of its leap had carried it too far; it rolled off her.

Dazed, feeling as though her ribs were broken, Emmah tried to stand up; she could

the air around her like the wind that was given off by many flying horses singing as it skidded around for a new episode of take off into the skies.

Jinger acted quickly, swiftly moving Emmah out of harm's way as the dog lunged toward them. Despite the dog's jaws clamping down on her outstretched arm the claws were hitting her eyes, Jinger remained composed and focused.

Jinger swiftly rose to her feet and bravely intervened as the dog leaped towards them. With incredible courage, she shielded Emmah by pushing her aside, only to have

the dog sink its teeth into her outstretched arm and dig into her crying eyes.

Emmah quickly reacted and tried to grab the dog's hair, but it was too strong and effortlessly dragged Jinger away as if she were a mere toy.

Suddenly, Naddalin was struck hard across the face, causing her to fall to the ground once more. She let out a shriek of pain, and Emmah also dropped.

Emmah reached for her wand, wiping the queen blood from her eyes. She cast the Lumos spell and let out a cheer.

As she shone her wand, she saw the trunk of a thick tree. They had pursued

Stabbers into the shadow of the Mammoth Willow, and its branches thrashed about like an outlandish in a high wind, preventing them from approaching.

Naddalin lunged forward and grabbed a handful of the brute's hair, but it was still dragging Jinger away effortlessly as she did Emmah also, as if she were a rag doll.

Suddenly, she was struck so hard across the face that she was knocked off her feet once more.

And then at that moment Emmah shrieked with pain and fell on the roots of the tree.

Naddalin reached for her wand and transformed into the form of a wolf, her eyes as yellow as those looking at her from the window. She knew her soul was somehow connected to this moment.

As she stood at the base of the trunk, her dog was there, pulling Jinger backward into a big gap among the roots.

Jinger was fighting furiously, but her head and torso were slipping out of sight. Jinger! Naddalin shouted, trying to follow, but the branch whipped lethally through the air, and she was forced backward likewise.

All they could see now was one of Jinger legs. Which she had hooked around a root to

stop the dog from pulling her far underground. Nevertheless, a horrible crack cut her air like a gunshot; Jinger leg had broken, and a moment later, her feet vanished from sight.

You could see the flames of the underworld in some of the darkness. And hear the burning soles of those that rot in sin.

With a cheer, she exclaimed 'Lumos!' Her wand illuminated the trunk of a thick tree, revealing that they had chased Stabbers into the shadow of the Whopping Willow. Its branches were thrashing about like a queen

in a high wind, preventing them from getting any closer.

As she reached the base of the trunk, the dog was there, pulling Jinger backward into a big hole among the roots.

Then Jinger was fighting furiously. But her head and torso were slipping out of sight.

'Jinger!' Naddalin shouted, attempting to chase after her, but a branch from a nearby tree struck her violently and pushed her back. All they could see now was one of Jinger legs.

She had wrapped her arm around a root to prevent the dog from dragging her deeper

into the ground. Suddenly, a loud crack echoed, startling her.

Jinger leg had broken, and a moment later, her feet vanished from sight.

And Naddalin we must go for the lap and Emmah gasped; she would be bleeding too; Willow had cut her across the shoulder.

'No! That creature is large enough to consume her. We do not have much time,' said urgently.

We will not be able to pass through without a lap, including Naddalin.

A branch suddenly whipped down towards them; its twigs clenched like knuckles.

As the dog managed to enter, we attempted to follow suit. Naddalin was gasping for breath, frantically searching for a path through the aggressive, whipping branches. However, she was unable to move closer to the tree roots without risking being struck by its branches.

Oh, Emma sheared frantically. She danced uncertainly in place and pleaded, 'Please...'

Cruikshank quickly moved ahead and slithered between the branches like a snake. She then placed her front paws on a knot on the trunk.

Suddenly, the tree came to a halt as if it had been transformed into marble. Every leaf remained motionless and still.

'And Cruikshank!' Then exclaimed Emmah uncertainly, as she suddenly gripped Naddalin's arm with painful force. She wondered how she knew about him.

~*~

And then, it emerged - a gigantic, shaggy black dog, moving swiftly across the lawn, Cruikshank trotting at its side just under the front paws. Naddalin stared. What did she mean? She was not sure whose soul it was even Cruikshank could see the dog as well as

someone of good morals, how could it be an omen of Naddalin’s death?

And as for Jinger! And Naddalin shared. Jinger! Wake up!

-And-

Huh?

I must tell me if you can see something right now! But I need a drink first.

'Did you know that Nevaeh once was in love with a holy father when she was just a small child.'

'It was a Catholic school what do you expect, all those girls were used.'

Yet think about it, then not at all the dark memories that were in her mind, she had love even if it was wrong, by a man that loved God more, Naddalin said yes, I know, and Jinger muttered thickly, asking why they never read about this. And what are you on about it, for it was banned from the text in editing?

-And-

Back then things like that were more hushed about a love life like that.

'So, it was love them?'

Naddalin looked quickly back out of the window, thinking it was time to remember these stories, tell them from memories, and add them to Nevaeh's book of her life.

~*~

(And the flashback starts, with Nevaeh's childhood.)

There was only one part of this, spoke Jinger.

'All things are not a sin child, even when you know they are good for the mind-body and soul.' 'Okey-doke-y!' I said, squeakily. Then, I went on my way out of the old church, which was also on the same ground as the school she when to. 'The holy father Joel Nevaeh's first true love?' Why do you think she had that key around her neck, it was a key to his room? And that also had vanished from the eyes of the world too did it

not; Within the memorize at this time they could see Nevaeh as she climbed onto the windowsill to look right down into the shadows of the trees around her grounds around the school year, but they weren't there, in true time is was a lost moment in time held within recollections.

Whether they had gone into a loving relationship or not was part of the story anyway. She was only an 11-year-old child when that was stated it would take place. And then he was off to bigger things within the church and had to leave her behind and she did not take it well. Said Naddalin.

A loud snore told her Jinger had fallen asleep again.

'Just what we needed to hear more, of the same for that girl, anyways.'

Naddalin and the rest of the Coletti team entered the Great Hall with all the other students, the next day to enormous applause, when they read the typed script of the love story about Nevaeh and the Father.

Naddalin fully back in her reincarnated body, could not stop grinning broadly as she-saw all the faces both were applauding them too, about her sister's love life printed in black and white. They also knew that Naddalin looking identical would have also,

done the same things with the same man, and would not come clean about it. Then all of them were sitting at the long table shard loudly as they passed.

Naddalin noticed that Mallerie looked even paler than usual. Saying this I remember back when it happened yet was hushed by my family and friends. I would spend the whole of breakfast urging her team to eat and talk about something else while touching on nothing about herself. And denying all accusations about anything happening.

In the memories you could see, Nevaeh as she would- hurriedly off to the fields

before anyone else had finished knowing what she was doing, so they could not get an idea of the conditions, of this need for love in her life.

None of them would have spoken to about them even if she did see them, as they changed into their scarlet robes, all the students looked right through her as if she were not even there.

Naddalin wondered if they were feeling like she was, the one that pushed her sister out of having this relationship over how it looked and her own life: yet what Naddalin knew was that she was dead sooner than

some thought. Or was it two girls playing the same part and in the same life?

They were identical.

~*~

Then at that time, as so-so embarrassed, I was thinking harshly about myself, and acting as if I was dumb for letting myself stay in the room as long as I did, As I left the great hall, everyone applauded yet again. For having love, nothing more with an older man as a child.

Then as though she had eaten something extremely wriggly for breakfast she felt as sick as one could get, running to the bathroom. In what seemed like no time at all,

others were saying from the doorway, it is okay, its time, let us go.

-And-

(Game time)

And good luck, Naddalin!

At that moment it was called Savannah. Naddalin felt herself blushing. It was okay no wind to speak, yet the sun was a bit bright coming in from the windows, and feeling warm on her skin glowing with rays, that could impair her vision, watching out for the feeling of clouds, and the colors of the ground’s coming to the shapes of hard edges, with good contrasts, that will give the eyes

focus, as fast as a glimpse of lost memories, the mood can change.

-And-

Then she started to pace the fields around the grounds of the game fields, staring around with the team behind her. Then finally, they saw the front doors of the castle open in the distance and all the rest of the Savannah township was spilling onto the lawns up to the game fields.

To the locker rooms and said Emmah cutely. Then walking out onto the field in changing into a uniform to a tidal wave of noise screaming and chanting her name.

Within three-quarters of the crowd were wearing scarlet rosettes, waving scarlet flags with the Coletti lion upon them, or brand banners with slogans like 'Go Lions!'

And LIONS FOR THE Championship CUP!

~*~

And behind the goalposts, fighting took place, then however, two hundred people were wearing lime green; the silver-snake Suppressant glittered on their flags, and Professor Lily sat in the very front row, wearing green like everyone else, and a very grim smile.

There are the Coletti's LIONS! And yelled Jordan Lee, who was acting as a commentator as usual. And then Bella, Hanna. Red girl Samantha, Raylie, Maggie, Taylor, and Karly.

They exchanged a last look, a last nod. Widely consolidating all the flying about as the best team at the school for girls has seen in a good- few years- it was the game of the years, in the making. Lee’s comments were drowned by a tide of 'boos’ from the green team that never seemed to end.

They moved as fast as they could, bent almost double; ahead of them, Naddalin started to think about the past when she was

a child, think about the times her tail bobbed in and out of view in the confession both in the church.

On And on went the passage or times this happened; it felt at least if she was the one to come clean about her feelings she would be redeemed, after all, he was the holy man, and she was an impressible child; and I have seen her together, with him it's all running in my mind just the same. Come on - and keep your wand out, and your minds in the game-girls.

-And-

Likewise, then all their friends, knew that they should transform into a dog said

Naddalin grimly remembering all those days in the past life, Shape-shifting was just a part of hiding what we needed the most and that was love. As sick as it was with a Father of faith, just more games to play in the Book of Life.

They covered the distance to the fields and the trunks of the wiping willow trees in seconds fair from the fields themselves, but before they had reached the gap in the roots, the gold Baird had slid into it with a flick of the bottle-brush tail falling into the hole. Yet the game goes on until she is caught.

It reminded Naddalin of the same bushy tail she had when transformed into a white-

somewhat light gray wolf, with the fur of a blanket of white moonlight-kissed snow on the ground, in late December glittering like dancing diamond sparkles, the cast cold, yet the feeling worm in long bearded hair.

Naddalin went next; then crawled forward, headfirst, and slid down an earthy slope too be sure of an exceptionally low tunnel.

My eyes were a little way along of seeing small glimpses of light, glowing gold like the Baird color, eyes flashing in the light from Naddalin's wand as it also lights the way. Seconds later, Emmah slithered beside her,

making her way down the long tunnel. Where's Jinger?

And she would share in a terrified voice of moving in darkness not knowing if the fool was going to drop out from underneath her, moving in this cave.

Along the way, Naddalin was stepping off in a marching beat, bent-backed, after Cruikshank slipped out of Naddalin's pocket in to pitch darkness, he ran towards the light.

'Like- where does the tunneling cave come out?'

And then at that moment, and at that time, Emmah asked breathlessly from behind her ' Follow him he knew where to go. 'Who

was God anyways...? Like a creator, if he was not the sincerest then what was he? And creating is nothing more than experimentation right- moving forward thus evaluations? Thoughts then if Evolution is progress to regressions. Every day, I become more God like by enlightenment, were the inner light well glow, were both since and faith can co-exist.'

I do not know… It is marked on the Escalation's Map and looking into the map was like looking into a porthole in real-time, but Anna and Katy said no one has ever gotten into it… It goes off the edge of the map, but it looks like it is heading for the small town of Clepsydra, then going past the

wizardry castle all in this mysterious magical underground.

-And-

Naddalin could not think of anything but what was in her past times, and moments, with the Father and the days of her childhood when she was truly alive, and what it was like being this enormous dog might be doing to her emotions and was drawing breath in sharp, painful gasps as she did when she was a child feeling the same things in her body, running at a crouch, it was odd to breathe, it was odd to remember, it was odd to feel, being something other than death after life, lost in time.

Then in that moment the tunnel began to rise upwards and yet the ground was feeling as if it was getting vastly deeper as the water was rising around them.

Then moments later it twisted, and Cruikshank had gone up to the sides of the rock walls to freedom, something they could not do.

Moments letter just ahead Naddalin, with the soul of her sisters Nevaeh running in her head, could see a patch of dim light through a small opening.

And just like that in the feeling of helplessness Emmah paused, gasping for

breath, edging forward. Both raised their wands to see what lay beyond.

Pushing their way through rock, as it was falling away around them; it was an opening into a larger room. A very disordered, dusty room, slowly being lit by fiery lanterns.

Ash and paper were peeling from the walls, like flesh, bones, wings around them from deaths of the past lost underground; this was the room of all the death wings that were removed from the fallen souls of the girls that did not make training's. They were in the underground of the graveyard.

At that time there were stains all over the floor from all the past drippings of lost life;

every piece of furniture was broken as though somebody had smashed it, to be dis-respectable to the souls as an offering to their condemnations.

The entries were all boarded up, yet we knew that if we could find the next tunnel, it would lead to the haunted mentions of the Missive Masel Amsal family that must be 333 hundred years old, still standing until this day deceived.

Then Naddalin with the ghost of Nevaeh above her as if it were a soft short glanced at then looking Emmah, who looked very frightened but nodded, of having the soul of

Nevaeh for help in guidance, showing the way to safety.

Naddalin pulled herself out of the hole, into the room of the dead wings of the fallen of her type of angels, staring around.

As they made their way into the underground, up into the basements of the home, coming up through an old fireplace, they ended up in Ava’s old room and it was deserted as if nothing change from the day she was extravagance for being immortal, however the old door hanging by one hinge, to their right stood open.

Then leading to a shadowy hallway. Emmah suddenly grabbed Naddalin's arm

again. Her wide eyes were traveling around her boarded windows of this old home.

Naddalin looked around. Her eyes fell on a chair near her. Large chunks had been torn out of it; one of her legs had been ripped off entirely.

‘And ghosts did not do that.’

At that moment, there was a creak overhead. Something had moved upstairs. Both looked up at the ceiling. Emmah’s grip on Naddalin's arm was so tight she was losing feeling in she fingers.

Then she raised her eyebrows at her; she would nod again and let go. Quietly as they

could, they crept out into the hall and up the crumbling staircase.

Looking around everything was covered in a thick layer of dust floor, and holes where wide in the floor, shiny stripes had been made by something being dragged upstairs.

They reached the dark landing on the fourth floor. And no, they were looking around together for what was killing things in this house, and the lights at the end of their wands went out, as everything around them get could as if all the hope in life was gone.

Only one door was open. As they crept toward it, they slowly moved, from behind it;

a low moan was in the room they were about to go in that was backer then midnight, and then a deep, loud purring.

Part:

Not long after they had made their way into this room the others came looking for them. Hanna said, how did you ever do this on your own?

Still thing about him, the holy father, 'It's not just a man's job to stick around no matter what, you feel is right or wrong in the matter, of your feelings.' Emma reassured Naddalin.

'Not all men who can not

married are the right fit for their partner. You must understand that he could not be

with you, but do not worry. You will be okay; here in this world you could be lovers like you were in the past.

If he falls to you that is by discarding God and his Heaven. He will come back to you, after all its lust that makes a man a man.' Said Emmah.

'You're too loving genial to settle for someone who doesn't appreciate you,' chimed in Jinger.

'And for those that do not understand why, can go to hell right, yet there already here, no?'

‘In a way, your right said Naddalin, you are forever in the same shared bodies, that

linger in mind, bodies, and souls. You girls are always linked forever.

You know looking the same as you do, as identical sisters, you Nevaeh and Lily, you there girls always in your path of life and its story, the same due the same egg splitting to make 3 copies of you girls genetically you are the same person, ‘the same heart, domed for the same fate. Linked in a way that most would not understanding or preserve that could be possible.’

Naddalin agreed with a nod, at the thought of them all not missing something in life when they were all the same in a way. Suddenly, Hanna stood up and yelled,

bringing a sense of relief to the group, being lost in the corridors of this home.

(Nightfall was becoming down)

Naddalin sat down holding a goblet from within the room of its artifacts, that held the blood of Nevaeh and was about to turn back into the darkness, to exit to the hallways, moments before passing the bed that her sister stayed in when something caught her eye.

An animal of some kind was flying across the blue-cast nightly glowing floor was eerie and glowing orange orbs, looking like birds made of light beings, lost souls were floating around them.

Naddalin dashed to the bedside table looking for the things they took from her when she was a child, like the key that was around her nick, the charm that was around her, grandchild, lost pages of her story, and old photographs, snatched up the ring and jury and clothing's, that she did not see in years, and put them on, and then hurried back to the window.

Where all of them were like placing dark magical events to happen, in Oman the feeling of pain came over her, - not now - not right before the match, she said, I should have known that they were hexed with evil, if I was to ever have the things that were loving to me, and my sisters back.

She then peered out at the grounds again, and, after a minute's frantic searching, spotted it. It was skirting the edge of the forest now… It was Oman… it was more than that.

Emmah felt all the feelings whirling about her full body, of pain in the air like bolts of lightning, clouds above give with the depiction of an evil grimy wolf. An army of evil fallen angels, from the pits of the lower parts of their world, were circling about, demands falling like rain to the ground, and clocked men in dark gray like the color of the sky were marching behind in the sky, ready to defend and descend to the ground, after

Naddalin’s soul to take with them to the avenge.

Naddalin squinted after feeling like she was getting electrocuted, her neck felt like a kinked Slinky. And by wearing her past positions, then just after, bewitched pressing her nose flat against the glass of the window seeing her evil sisters standing there, faces as white as a supper full moon, and with eyes like yellow as the sun yet glass looking strategically back her with heads all tilted the same way that did not look natural to realities, creepy, and wide smelling they were ever so wickedly grinning, with bright shining teeth, showcasing the look to kill in the grim downing of night to day.

The eyes looking at her seemed to have come to a halt. Or was it only Cruikshank? She did not know. Naddalin was sure she could see something else moving in the shadow of the trees too.

Then firstly she dreamed that she had overslept as she felt that she was in nothing but a long deep dream that she woke from, along with the feeling that all this yelling was nothing more than in her head of losing her mind with the passage of time. And was about her death to come it was nothing more than the feelings of age in a long spin of the afterlife, and the loss of love and life all the same.

And where were you dreaming, or was it all real? We had to use Nevilla's feeling of seeing in the beyond to find out in said with her gifts of seeing the forthcoming instead!

And then she dreamed that Mallerie and the rest of the girls on her team arrived for the match riding as dark angels in the night sky. It was not a dream it was all real.

Then there was a team of them flying at breakneck speed, trying to avoid stifling air balloons and dull-winged aircraft alike with spinning props, a spurt of flames from Mallerie’s steed’s mouth, when she realized she had forgotten they were fighting with

fire-bolt from their fingertips not for a game but for their souls and lives.

Then fell through the air and woke with a start of her doing just the same fighting against her mother's side of the family, ‘They are alive, there are back!’

(Screaming from the ground below were saying. ‘She is back, there are back!’)

Yet with the feeling of sleep in my heavy eyes, I could not sleep over the fear, moving without doing so in the air. It was only a few seconds before Naddalin remembered that her match had not taken place yet, that she was not Naddalin at all she was Nevaeh, and it also was a different time.

At that moment she was safe in bed going back to the time of her childhood feeling whole in her body, after remembering that as a child life is not that hard at all.

And the team would not be allowed to play on the dark angel’s side of things, that she was still one of the good girls, at that point in her life.

She was feeling very thirsty, quietly drinking in the chilly water next to her on the bedside table going back to the age of 11 recalling the same days she thought she missed.

Then she got out of her four-poster and went to pour herself some more water from

the silver teapot beneath the window and next to the sink, looking out to see gold eyes looking back at her from the woods next to the track by her home.

All the grounds were still quiet looking out the way of the fields. No breath of wind disturbed any of the treetops in the forest; the strings of willow were motionless and innocent looking.

It was a black stray cat… It looked as though the conditions for the match would be perfect, letter on that night. Naddalin clutched the window ledge in relief as she-recognized the bottle-brush tail, of her sister's cat.

And yet in this world and time, she was missing others she knew well like Jinger, and Emmah. I Do not believe it - yes, it is that weird cat. On the window ledges, she reached out and gaped at her.

Then in a moment of telephoning, others are looking at Naddalin lost in the eyes and face as if another time, and what are you talking about? And Emmah carried her milk jug over to the use table and turned it upside down. With a frantic squeak, and much scrambling to get back inside. Stabbers the rat came sliding out onto her table clinging to the milk jug.

‘Where is a cat when you need one?’ Thus, the memory that came back to her mind made the flash back. It was the black cat she had as a child.

Now on the ‘Fifth floor of the castle’ said Naddalin, she was transported though time as she asked, remembering the sign over she-welcome witch’s desk, as she asked for apologies and approvals, just by giving her thoughts her head. And Sabeshan said Jinger blankly. And Stabbers, what are you doing there, you need to come with us, don’t you?

-And-

‘I fancy a cup of tea, too,’ said Naddalin, jumping to her feet.

Emmah, Jinger, and Jill almost sprinted to the door with her.

(Then what felt like a moments letter)

Like- they are coming fast the other team, led by Captain Flint. She has made some changes in the lineup and seems to be going for size rather than skill, or brain power.

‘Well… well, I do not know what to do.’ Said Sabeshan.

‘It sounds as though you’ve been trying to sew your skin back together,’ said Mr. Railie with a snort of mirthless laughter,’ but even you, Annah, wouldn’t be that stupid.’

As the door swung shut, they heard Mrs. Railie shriek, 'What do you mean? That is, she, in general?'

'Typical dad,' said Jill, shaking her head as they walked down the corridor. 'Stitches... can you believe it? All I have are memories of my dad's botched attempts at playing doctor.'

I suppose it is the same as a snake's venom - the bite dissolves flesh and eats away at feelings. 'Well, you know, or it does that in magical wounds,' said Emmah fairly. True in the past life also, metaphorically.’

They walked through the corridor, passed a set of double doors, and arrived at a rickety staircase lined with portraits of fierce

warriors. As they climbed the stairs, various whispers were heard to them, diagnosing strange ailments, and suggesting horrific remedies.

Jinger was offended when a wizard called out her scatterbrain.

'And what is that supposed to be?' She asked angrily as the Shealer pursued her through six more portraits, shoving the occupants out of the way.

'It is a most grievous affliction of the skin, young master, that will leave you pockmarked. It will make you look even more gruesome than you do now.

'Be careful who you're referring to as gruesome!' Exclaimed Jinger, her ears turning red with embarrassment.

The young master exclaimed.

'Those unsightly blemishes on your face must be taken care of,' the other person said.

'The only remedy for this is to take the liver of a toad, bind it tightly around your throat, and stand naked at the full moon in a barrel of eel's eyes,' they added.

They are freckles!’ Said Jinger furiously.' Now get back in your picture and leave me alone!’

She- rounded on her- others, who were all keeping determinedly straight faces.

‘What floor’s she?’

‘I think it’s she- fifth,’ said Emmah.

‘Nah, it’s she- fourth,’ said Naddalin,’one more-’

But as she- stepped onto the- and she- came to an abrupt halt, staring at the small window set into the double doors that marked the start of a corridor signposted SPELL DAMAGE.

A man was peering out at them all with her nose pressed against she-glass. She- had wavy blond hair, bright blue eyes, and a broad vacant smile that revealed dazzlingly white teeth.

Emmah- “I read something in the daily paper today that a grave digger dyed, as he fell into the same hole that healed the crept, and casket of a woman's body, that he was doing the job for 150 dollars to dig a hole you see, anyways, the headline said: “By hitting his Head he Becomes Died!”

“That still better than what happen to me at my death on Earth, the undertaker, was playing with my goodies- like two fingers in me, before showing me off to the world as dyed, it's the things your mom and dad fear giving you over to a man that imbued you for laying out, odd now all our body are all 6 feet in the grave, funny isn't, that are soles all are

now here in these bodies that we keep, yet again.”

“You cannot see a rainbow if you are color blind, some in life and in others, of that world, its best to remember that.” Said Naddalin.

“You're a young woman at the time, it was easy for him to get away with- no? Yet a life of a young girl is letting herself be used; even in death.”

“Odd that mean was the undertaker-gravedigger, 30 years now getting karma from his sins, of me being teenage when and where and at that place; like- many years

letter, yet he got his turn, of ‘No’ sin left forgotten, in this book of life.”

As it swung close behind them, they heard Mr. S and Railie shriek,’ WHAT DO YOU MEAN, That's THE- GENERAL IDEA? Of A MAN DOING THAT TO YOU.’

“Typical Dads, HOLY MAN, PRIEST, teachers, and lowlife- boyfriends,” said Jill, shaking her head as they set off up the corridor. ‘Stitches… I ask you… nothing but scarring memories of your daddies' and the man in your lives.’

'I suppose it's the same as a snake's venom - the bite dissolves on flesh just the same and eats away at feelings. 'Well, you

know, or it does that in magical wounds,' said Emmah fairly. This is true in past lives as well, metaphorically.'

Emmah commented that the effect of snake venom on the flesh is like the effects of some magical wounds, as both can dissolve and eat away at one's emotions and feelings. This metaphorical truth has been held across time.

It is like snake venom. The bites affect the flesh in the same way and corrode emotions. 'Well, that's what it does in magical wounds,' Emmah explained. This is also true metaphorically in past lives.'

Emmah said, 'It's like snake venom.' When it bites, it dissolves the flesh and eats away at feelings. This is true for magical wounds as well as metaphorically in the past life.'

'And what is that supposed to be?' She asked angrily while sitting in the medical ward. The healer followed her through six more portraits, pushing aside the occupants of the sickly beds to get to her friend, who was in pain and needed her help.

This affliction will leave you pockmarked and more gruesome.

I strongly disagree with the idea of 'God's book of life'. It seems to me like a toilet bowl

where all the religions are the liquids that go in, and all the followers are the waste that needs to be flushed down the pipes. However, this is just my viewpoint.

Jinger was offended when someone called her gruesome. 'Watch who you're calling gruesome!' She retorted, her ears turning red with anger.

‘Your full of shit!’ Said Naddalin.

Naddalin Remembering that as a child, I was kept in outdoor dog cages with locks, in the open air, as a sleeping area.

‘Anyways back to what you were saying.’

‘No, I have done it.’

'I don't have to be simple-minded to do this!'

'But with those unsightly blemishes on your face, young master, it might seem like you lack intelligence despite having power.'

The pursuit of power is everything for those who crave attention.

Jinger angrily criticized, 'You cover up freckles on your face!' She exclaimed, 'Everything is a lie. Get back to your fake life and leave me alone.'

She spun around on the balls of her feet and saw the others maintaining straight faces, her own slowly lighting up with candlelight.

'What floor is she on?' Asked one of them.

'I think it's the fifth floor,' replied Emmah.

'Nah, it's the fourth floor,' corrected Naddalin, 'one more down.'

As she stepped onto the landing, she stopped abruptly. Her eyes were locked onto a small window that was set into the double doors at the start of a corridor. The sign above it read 'SPELL DAMAGE.'

A man was peering out at them through the glass. He had wavy blond hair, bright blue eyes, and a broad smile that revealed dazzling white teeth.

'Johanna!' exclaimed Jinger, also staring at the person in question. 'Oh, my goodness,' gasped Emmah suddenly, sounding breathless.

'It's Professor Beato!'

Pushing open the doors, the former Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher moved towards them, wearing a long lilac dressing gown.

'Well, hello there!' she said. 'I expect you would like my autograph, wouldn't you?'

Naddalin whispered to Jill, 'She hasn't changed much, has she?' Jill responded with a grin.

'Er - how are you, Professor?' Said Jinger, sounding slightly guilty. It had been Jinger's malfunctioning wand that had damaged Professor Beato's memory so badly that she had landed in St. Pungo's in the first place. However, as Beato had been attempting to permanently wipe Naddalin and Jinger's memories at the time, Naddalin's sympathy was limited.

It was a strange Christmas, one unlike any other. The sky was a deep shade of indigo, like velvet, and the stars seemed to twinkle with an eerie brilliance. There was a chill in the air that bit at my fingertips, and the world around me was cloaked in a veil of silence. My friends and I, dressed in our

finest winter attire, stood huddled together, shivering in the stillness. Something felt... off.

'Thank you for asking! I am doing exceptionally well today,' beamed the professor, producing a striking peacock feather quill from her pocket.

Looking for a personalized autograph? I have you covered! I am now proficient in writing in cursive. Let me know how many autographs you would like. 'We don’t want any at the moment, thank you,’ said Jinger, raising her eyebrows at Naddalin. ‘Professor, should you be wandering around the corridors? Shouldn’t you be in a ward?’

Looking for a personalized autograph? I have you covered! I am now proficient in writing in cursive. Let me know how many autographs you would like.

‘We don't want any at the moment, thank you,’ said Jinger, raising her eyebrows at Naddalin. ‘Professor, shouldn't you be in a ward instead of wandering around the corridors?’

Her smile vanished as she asked Naddalin, 'Have we met?'

'Yeah, we have,' said Naddalin. 'You used to teach us at the school for girls, remember?'

'Teach?' 'Did I repeat that?' asked the teacher, looking unsettled.

The sudden reappearance of the woman's smile seemed a little unnerving. 'I was the one who taught you everything you know, isn't that right?' she said. 'Now, how about signing a dozen autographs for all your friends? That way, nobody will be left out!'

Then, the creator of this world formed a woman from the dust of the ground. He breathed into her nostrils the breath of life, and the woman became a living being.

For what does it profit a man to gain the entire world, and forfeit his soul?

'What will a fallen girl be given for her soul? Those who are ashamed of her and her words in this sinful generation, the child of woman will be ashamed of them when she comes in her glory with the holy angels that is why they become us.'

~*~

If only there had been a death devourer around... A sobbing was in the air as she passed Naddalin and saw young girls hanging from wooden crosses. This was her reward - a cup.

As Naddalin lifted the object into the air, she felt as if she could create the world's best

fallen angels, sending the rest to the underworld.

As they battled for greater power, they scattered as a fire-bolt shot towards them from Angelina's fingertips, leaving her path clear.

'And she scores! Coletti leads by 80 points to 20.'

-And-

Naddalin had almost collided with the grandstands but quickly reversed and zoomed back into the field as the war games raged on with increased intensity.

As she dove, Mallerie's face glowed with triumph. Suddenly, she spotted something

that caused everyone to freeze in silence. Just a few feet above the grass, there was a tiny, golden glimmer. Naddalin urged a fire-bolt downward, but Mallerie was already miles ahead.

And go! Go! Go! And Naddalin urged forward.

Naddalin was gaining on Mallerie as they both flew. Naddalin flattened her wings and pushed herself forward, extending her hand to reach Mallerie. However, Mallerie had crossed her ankles as she flew higher, making it harder for Naddalin to catch up. Undeterred, Naddalin threw herself forward and brought both hands downward to her

sides. She then knocked Mallerie's arm out of the way, successfully gaining the upper hand.

Then she pulled out of the dive, her hands in the air, and the stadium exploded underneath her.

Naddalin soared above the crowd, an odd ringing in her ears. Then the tiny golden bird was now tight in her fist, beating its wings hopelessly against her fingers.

Then speeding toward her was the rain and the wind, half-blinded by tears; she seized Naddalin around the neck and sobbed unrestrained into her shoulder.

Naddalin felt two large thumps as Anna and Katy hit them. Angelina, Alicia, and Katie's voices yelled, 'We've won the Cup! We have won the Cup!' The Coletti team was tangled together in a many-armed hug and sank, yelling hoarsely, back to the ground.

Wave upon wave of supporters of the criminals were pouring over the barriers onto the field. Hands were raining down on their backs. Naddalin had a confused impression of noise and bodies pressing in on her. She and the rest of the team were hoisted onto the shoulders of the crowd. Thrust into the light, she saw Beato, plastered with Crimgirl

rosettes, and he yelled, 'You beat them, Naddalin! You beat them! Wait till I tell Becca-beak!'

There was Serafina, jumping up and down like a maniac, all dignity forgotten.

Professor McDermott was sobbing harder even than Wood, wiping her eyes with an enormous Coletti flag; And there, fighting their way towards Naddalin, where Jinger and Emmah were waiting, words failed them. They simply beamed as Naddalin was carried towards them, where Duerre stood waiting with the enormous Clepsydra Cup.

Just then, a head poked out of a door at the far end of the corridor. A voice called out, 'Gilroy, you naughty girl, where have you wandered off to?' A friendly-looking Shealer, wearing a tinsel wreath in her hair, came bustling up the corridor, smiling warmly at Naddalin and Sheathes.

'Gilroy, visitors! On Christmas Day Naddalin, Nevaeh, and the other sisters! They never get any, poor things suck whole parents. She is such a sweetie, 'Naddalin?' isn't she, they all are?'

'We're signing autographs!' Gilroy beamed at Shealer. 'They want lots

and won't take no for an answer. I hope we have enough photos!'

Professor Beato gave his Prediction, then in a moment of a trance; with levitating in the air feet off the ground about 5 feet up, and his eyes rolled in the back of his head.

Naddalin’s euphoria at finally winning the Claepsiara Cup lasted at least a week. It was already known.

Even the weasels that did not care about games and playing sports seemed to be celebrating; as June approachable, the days became cloudless and sultry, and all anybody felt like doing was strolling onto

the grounds, and flopping down on the grass with several pints of iced pumpkin juice.

Then perhaps playing a casual game, next to all the tombstones or watching the giant squid propel its fairy dreamily across the surface of the enchanted sea.

Nevertheless, at that moment they could not. Exams were nearly upon them, and instead of lazing around outside, some students were forced to remain inside the castle, and for the most part, trying to bully their brains into concentrating while enticing wafts of summer air drifted in through the windows.

Even Annah, Katy, and Raylie had been spotted working all day they still were out and about in the green
grasses playing brushing, and feeding their horses with carets out of their hands; they were about to take their flying horses out for air trotting sprinting in the skies above.

Like the Claepsiara Cup, this was a sport that was just as competitive and that was horse racing, where the bets were on and the events competitive. The races are called Elaepsiara, it's like horse racing without a track is all in the air.

(Ordinary Wizard Levels when awards for games and tournaments). Serafina was

getting ready to take her N.E.W.T.s (Nastily Exhausting Wizard Tests,)
the highness qualification at the school for girls offered for horse racing.

Serafina hopped up and down-
with excitement, when jumping off
the horse; then ran and entered ‘The Magical Holy Orders’ to come to her top place.

Now with the shown grades needed top at the highest distorting, of bejeweled with new sky-blue demand platinum crowing that has a large demand in what looks to be a skill in the center of the forehead, that come down in a peak.

And also medals on the chest in the shape of a heart and overlaid was the image of a platinum Pegasus horse.

I want you to recite your words as I, say them, discrimination

Yet she was known for cleaning the bathrooms, group bathhouses, the public holes for re-leaving ones self of both girls and boys, and floors, to a high shine, and clean scent.

Yet that work is not rewarded, it is meant for those who can not achieve life goals, her crown was brown-raw-brass, full of thorns twisted like branches, with small

citrine gemstones, at random within the smaller twins.

Yet she needs to understand that having these stones means that she is the wealth she is looking for along with others in her caring and nurturing.

Naddalin and Jinger had given up asking Emmah to do things with them at this point about how she was managing to attend several behind classes at once, but they could not restrain thinking she was becoming selves when she saw the reports of the list of public grades of Emmah’s exams schedule as unfilled failures, then had drawn up for

herself a report of sawing she was made to drop out of school.

The first column read: Monday 9 o’clock, Arithmetician, 9 o’clock, Transfiguration, Lunch, 1 o’clock, Charms, 1 o’clock, Ancient Runes, and Emmah.

She selected, to not even try any longer, and Jinger said cautiously because she was liable to explode interrupting the class days if she was to start over. And are you sure you have copied down the times right? Also, something she could not do, and there was no help for her to see.

Then at that moment at that time Karly Barnes, comes busting through the door, saying ‘when I died, I felt like a pickle, don’t feel badly.’

Part:

Then at that moment at that time Karly Barnes, comes busting through the door, saying ‘when I died, I felt like a pickle, yet death was still better then being a key holder at D-G, a trusted name in cheep shit.’

What?

And averaging all factors you needed to say this why?

All of this was becoming too much as Emmah snapped, picking up the exam schedule and ripping it and screaming why ‘5 x 5 is 25, God damn cats are climbing up the trees, I know my ABCs, and f*ck this place.’

‘And yes, of course, I have lost my mind like my sight.’ She said.

-And-

Yes, there was a point in asking how she was going to sit in for two exams at once anyway. Said Naddalin.

And no, said Emmah shortly after walking out of the room screaming and ranting on about nothing. And heist at all that were around her, no we have not seen your copy of

your Numerology and Epigrammatic documents?

‘Odd-even in this world in writing portiere does not matter.’ Said Emmah. Yet not given anything for showing that I have just as much of a brain as others, no it's about showing you have fun and games in play, not education, why?

-And-

Oh, yeah, I borrowed it for a bit of bedtime reading, said Jinger, but very quietly. ‘You really could write a book, with your background in things like this.’ Emmah started shifting heaps of parchment. Asking- ‘You really think so, Naddalin?’ Jinger and

Emmah had plenty of opportunity to speak to Dr. Derrida the professor of literature, about getting published. Yet this time in such hopelessness, Jinger thought it ought to be right to do to make sure it would happen.

And Becky is getting a bit depressed having to deal with Emmah, said Derrida. We have told them, about bending on low expectations and hopes and dreams not being true, on the pretense of an author queen being awarded for her works. And having all these cooped-up pages pasted and taped together is much too long.

But still, we'll know the day after the holidays, one way or the other, that all this

garbage she thinks is making her smart will be published said the Professor, and held in the libraries here to collocate of dust. Now that Naddalin is still alive, Emmah should be given awards and prizes.

Naddalin had Potions class that afternoon, but it didn't go well. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't get the Confusing Concoction to thicken. To make matters worse, Lily was watching and seemed to take pleasure in Naddalin's struggle. Afterward, Naddalin noticed that Lily had scribbled something that looked like a zero onto her notes before walking away.

Sheen arrived at midnight at the tallest tower. On Wednesday morning, Secretory of Magic, Naddalin wrote everything had ever told her about medieval witch hunts. She wished she could have had one of fortitude's sundaes with her in the stifling classroom.

On Wednesday afternoon, they worked in the Theology greenhouses under the scorching sun. Later, they returned to their common room with sunburn necks, longing for the end of the week.

The second to last exam was Security Against the Dark Arts. Professor Marianna had created an unusual obstacle course outside, where they had to wade across a

paddling pool, cross potholes full of Red Caps, cross a patch of marsh, and battle a Boggart's in an old trunk.

As Naddalin climbed out of the trunk, Marianna muttered 'Excellent! Full marks!' with a grin.

Flushed with success, Naddalin hung around to watch Jinger and Emmah. Jinger did very well until she reached the Hinkypunk, which successfully confused her and caused her to sink waist-high into the quagmire. Emmah did everything perfectly until she reached the trunk with the Boggart's in it.

After being inside for about a minute, she burst out screaming. 'Emmah!' Said Marianna, startled. 'What's the matter?'

Emmah was sing a song she wrote:

Lost in the shadows, time slipping away, memories fading like whispers in the grave. Days of the past, slipping though my grasp, like wind though my finders, turning into ash.

Darkness surrounding me, like a cloak it binds, searching for meaning, but its hard to find. Times curl grips, keeps worn to laid, leaving me identifying as the ladder days.

Find me to memories, floating in the air. Skeletons or dust, mostly why don’t care.

Tying to hold on, it slips through my hands, leavening me stranded, its time I stand.

Feel like hiding inside, so alone, wondering why rainy days won't leave me alone, playing with me mind. And these, I can't find left behind, searching for love so kind.

Repeating mistakes, like I am out of touch, questing myself, why, do I betray so much, lost in the storm can't seem to brake free, got to find a way back but were is the key.

And in this stormy weather I find my way, through the poring rain I see brighter days. I

wont let the darkness consume my soul, I will rise from the ashes, I'll take control.

The darkness creeping, always here, its near, but through the shadows, a flicker of light appears, half way to you, my love, so true- even after your gone, I still think of you.

Lights on and off, and it's a dance and we play though the ups and down's. And we will find our own way through this word of pain, and disarray.

I will not let go, I'll be hear to stay, in the darkest night, we will find our own way. In the world of pain and disarray.

I won’t let go, I’ll be clear to stay. In the darkest night, we will find our own day. In the world of pain and disarray.

Feeling like hiding inside, so alone, wondering why rain day will not leave me alone, playing with mind, maze I can’t find, left-behind, surcharging for a love so kind.

Part:

Emmah- then said sighed, and when into her long story of her death. This of how she was murdered. Likewise of how she was found inside her mother, then after a day or so, not knowing she was left inside.

That moment when she fell into the toilet bowl, when his mother discharged her

decapitated head, from her vagina like a second birth. After them both being drugged and molested, by Nevaeh's grandpa. Lifeless eyes looking up at her, like dead fish. Then went on to say, that her mother was a big-fat woman.

And then professor McDermott, walked in the room to end the conversations! And Emmah gasped, pointing herself fully in a trunk willingly, to be taken away- like the crazy girl.

'And I'd failed everything, I just going to remember for being the girl ghost that hunts a toilet in this castle, having my own stall all to myself.' She said screaming inside it, as

she was dragged away, marks made on the floor in a grinding squealing sound as the professor pulled her from view.

And then at that moment seeing us all separately, Neville was informing all of us as they went to sit down next to her, on the bathroom floor to give a seance. Then- at that time, she had a copy of unforgiving future text read and opened on her lap with the pages devoted to crystal gazing as she muttered the text. Rather than having either knowing that you have seen anything in a crystal ball? I would think that you did, by the look on your faces, and we ask you to understand this unhappiness you feel.

‘Nope,’ said Jinger as offhandedly gave her weak voice. Then she kept saying watch; Naddalin knew, she was counting down the time until Becca-beak appeal started, as they could see back into time.

There was a line of people outside the bathroom shortened, by a very long conversation of chatter of all the girl's voices complaining about needing to go.

Each pergirl climbed down onto a silver ladder after going through a small trapdoor above them in the cycling, looking at them. Then- squeaked Nevilla as she clambered back down the ladder toward Naddalin and Jinger, who had now reached the landing.

Asking what was going on. ‘Right you are a old fraud.’ But they all refused to say.

And then she says that the crystal ball told her that she would tell, I’ll have a horrible accident! And that’s convenient, snorted Jinger.

And you know, I’m starting to think Emmah was right about you all that jabbed her thumb toward the trapdoor overhead.

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, looking at her watch. It was now two o’clock. And the wish was that they would hurry up…

-And-

Pavarotti came back down the ladder glowing with pride, saying yet, I am wet,

happy now. That was this horrible accident, you are seeing in your children's toys and Crematory set.

And then saying, 'I've got all the makings of a true Seer,' and then informed Naddalin and Jinger. And I saw loads of stuff… too and it was not in a crystal-ball.

'Well, good luck!'

-And-

She hurried off- going down the spiral staircase toward Lavender, Jingerald, and Raylie, and said in her familiar, misty voice from over their heads.

Then Jinger grimaced at Naddalin and climbed the silver ladder out of sight.

Naddalin was now the only per-girl left to be tested to see if she would find the truth.

Then all settled on the floor of the addict part of the castle with their back against the wall, listening to a fly buzzing in a sunny window they met a ghost of the girl, who was known for hunting windows.

In her past lives, and still is as punishments for her death, that never left her room, with a mind that would be cross with Derrida she was known for wisdom.

Finally, after about twenty minutes, Jinger’s large feet reappeared on the ladder. Saying- there is a girl that lives above this,

bathroom, and that is who were are seeing in the ball.

It's all Rubbish, said Jinger.

And How did it go for you to come to know that? Naddalin asked her, standing up.

And could not see a thing, so I made some stuff up. Do not think she was convinced, though...

‘No I think you are telling the truth.’

Okay, all were meeting you in the common room, and Naddalin muttered as Professor Tralaney’s voice called, And Naddalin!

-And-

The tower room was hotter than ever before; the curtains were closed even, yet the fire was alight, and the usual sickly scent made Naddalin cough as if she was stumbling through the clutter of chairs, and table to where Professor Tralaney's sat waiting for her before a large crystal ball that looked like the world the lived in, to be read.

Yes, good day, my dear, she said very softly.

Part:

And If you would kindly gaze into the World Orb… Take your time, now… then tell me what you see within it…

-And-

Then at that moment, at that time, Naddalin bent over the crystal ball showing everything, that was taking place in their world.

~*~

In full live time, or past time, or time that was not yet to be, she stared then putting only her one middle finger into it as if it was water moving it around in ripples, stared as hard as she could.

Then willing to show her something other than swirling white fog, but nothing happened.

‘Well your not the God of this world after all are you?’

Professor Tralaney's- (prompted delicately.)

Now look into the mind of Nevaeh and think hard now, what do you see?

-And-

Likewise, just in the moment there was overpowering, and nostrils were stinging with the perfumed smoke wafting from the fire beside them.

Then thought of what Jinger had just said, and decided to pretend nothing was touching them that was snarling around them as almost hands, coming for the World Orb.

And lips that were sicking into their minds, then strands of memories were taken

from the brains and placed within the world, to be seen.

Er- said Naddalin, and a dark shape… came from within.

‘Um… what is that!’

-And-

‘And What does it resemble?’

‘That is a Death Devour!’

‘Its here to stop you, to keep you from your own truth and become who your meant to be class, fight back, you you have nothing to prove.’

Then just shepherding the class Professor Tralaney was looking deep into the black heart and eyes of this creature.

-And-

Seeing the deep evil thoughts of the Amsel family bloodline, and their never end power of wickedness.

‘Why?’

‘Think, now… why were you made?’ Along with-

‘Like all of us why, what is our meaning in the world of being.’

-And-

Naddalin cast her mind around, the full world as if she was the master of the universe, and it landed firmly on the parchment perfected, that Nevaeh had written so long ago, now on her knees.

‘Indeed!’ Naddalin said.

And whispered Professor Tralaney, scribbling keenly we need to get all of this written work back it is the lifeline of our world. All the words she could see of the past, logical thinking, in your mind, of this girl and her mind, as the documents were being made.

‘Our world depends on this prophecy…’